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(OVER)

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ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1911

THE TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE MERGES WITH WATSON'S

The consolidated periodical will bear the name of WATSON; who will be Editor-in-Chiet.

On account of delays and difficulties incident to the removal of the two magazines, from Atlanta and Nashville to Thomson, it will be a physical impossibility to bring out a January number of such magnitude as would be sufficient for our increased requirements.

We must, therefore, omit January and begin with February, which we expect to have in the mails by the 23rd day of January.

With this first issue of the New Year will begin Mr. Watson's

"STORY OF THE SOUTH AND WEST."

This historical sketch will be published from month to month, until completed.

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING CO.

December 15, 1910.

Dec 24th 1915 - This is the first magazine ever completed in this Town
O. D. Lee Thomson Ga

EDITORIALS

By THOS. E. WATSON

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY: THE DEADLIEST MENACE TO OUR LIBERTIES AND OUR CIVILIZATION

(Copyright by Thomas E. Watson)

[For the individual Roman Catholic who finds happiness in his faith, I have no word of unkindness. Some of my best friends are devout believers in their "Holy Father". If anything contained in the series of chapters dealing with the hierarchy causes them pain, and alienates their good will, I will deplore it.

The Roman Catholic ORGANIZATION is the object of my profoundest detestation—NOT the belief of THE INDIVIDUAL.]

Chapter V.

ISN'T it a marvelous thing that in none of the books for or against the Catholic hierarchy is the proper significance given to the enormously important facts of locality and custom? In no other department of literature will you find such superficiality of thinking as you will discover in the books written for and against Roman Catholicism. You will thread endless mazes of casuistry; you will puzzle over wire-drawn metaphysical niceties; you will be astonished at the seriousness with which utterly absurd contentions are advanced and combated: but you will seldom be refreshed by any robust common sense, or by any depth of sane reasoning.

Why was it that the Christian religion never amounted to anything much in Jerusalem and Judea? This question will probably give you quite a shock—and it should give rise to some serious thinking. Christ was a Jew; His disciples were Jews; His life-work and death occurred among the Jews; His preaching was heard and His Miracles were seen by the Jews: yet His religion took no root among His own people and in His own country. Why was this? Why was it that Christianity did not spread and become an important factor in the world's history until it invaded the important provinces of the Roman Empire and wedded itself to customs which were a part of the national life of the Gentile?

The Nazarenes, the original church at Jerusalem endeavored to reconcile the Law of Moses with the Gospel of Christ. The effort was a complete failure. The great body of the Hebrew race refused to acknowledge Christ as the promised Messiah; and it was not very long, historically speaking, before

the Christian churches repudiated the law of Moses. After languishing for about one hundred years, Christianity practically died out in the place of its birth; and wherever the Jewish faith was supplanted it was Mahomet who took the place of Moses. Even now the Christian worships in Jerusalem by the grace of the Mussulman, and the Turkish soldier keeps guard, day and night, to prevent the rival sects of Christians from cutting each other's throats.

No one can fail to admire the magnificent fortitude with which the Jews have withstood all kinds of persecution and maintained the simplicity of the faith of their fathers. One of the most heroic episodes in ancient history was the spontaneous uprising of the Hebrew race against the Roman Emperor, Caligula, when the all-powerful ruler of the then known world demanded that a statue of himself be placed in the Temple at Jerusalem. Instantaneously the Jews flew to arms as one man, resolved to suffer extermination rather than have their place of worship defiled by an image. What might the world have been today had this indomitable race accepted Christ, acquired the missionary spirit, and carried the beautiful simplicity of the Christian religion into the Gentile world, maintaining throughout the ages the uncompromising determination to resist paganism and idolatry! How different might be the history of the world had Hebrews, instead of hybridized and decadent Italians, been in control of the church at Rome!

Now let us recur to the thought of the supreme importance of locality and custom. Why was the church at Alexandria the most powerful and influential of any in Egypt? Because something of the political and commercial supremacy which this city then enjoyed imparted itself to the Alexandrian church. The larger the city, the greater the wealth, power, and privilege of the bishop. In the nature of things this was necessarily so, as you will realize if you reflect about it. Thus, the church at Antioch predominated over all the churches in the region round about, simply because Antioch was the predominant political and commercial center.

When the Egyptian became a convert to our religion, do you suppose he dropped all his national customs and superstitions? Do you suppose that he shed, in the twinkling of an eye, the habits and beliefs that had come down to him from a remote ancestry? It cannot have been so—human nature isn't built that way. Had Mark Antony fought on land instead of on sea at Actium; had he won the sceptre of the Empire and made Alexandria its capital, as he intended, I haven't the slightest doubt that the Catholic hierarchy of today would be upholding, as canonical, many of the mystic rites that weer practised by the Egyptian priests in the temple of the Nile; that the ibis would be consideerd a sacred bird, and that it would be a mortal sin to kill a cat.

At the time when that beautiful and wondrously gifted young woman, Hypatia, was torn limb from limb in the streets of Alexandria by the fanatical followers of Bishop Cyril, for no other reason than that she was teaching the ancient philosophy of Greece, there can be no reasonable doubt that the Catholic priests had introduced into Christ's religion much else that was unchristian besides murderous persecution.

Let this train of thought lead us to Rome, the Mistress of the World, and it will be perfectly easy to understand how paganism and popery crept into the Christian religion. Let us bear in mind that, as was shown in the preceding chapter, the Bible itself confutes the idea that there was any primacy among the apostles. No superiority or infallibility was claimed by any of them. Peter, especially, came in for rebuke, once when he denied knowledge

of the Saviour, and again when he incurred the reprimand of Paul. On neither occasion could he defend himself.

The New Testament shows that equal powers were conferred upon all the disciples; and there is abundant evidence that the congregations ruled the churches for generations after the crucifixion of Christ. The word "bishop," as used in the New Testament, is synonymous with "preacher" and implies no ecclesiastical power and privilege. We are expressly told that disputes among the brethren are not to be referred to any pope or priest, but that the good offices of two or three members of the church are first to be resorted to; and, in case of the failure of this effort at reconciliation, the trouble is to be referred for final settlement to the congregation—not to any bishop, presbyter, or pope. To any mind that has not been warped by priestly education this ought to be convincing.

There is another argument against the pope's pretensions that ought to be conclusive: the New Testament wasn't put together until 363 years after Christ; and if there had been any popedom, either in doctrine or in practice, at that time, it would have found its way into the gospels.

Bear in mind also, that the Emperor Constantine sent out a summons to all the Christian bishops to meet in general council at Nicæa. History tells us that they all met on a footing of absolute equality. No pope appeared, any more than a pope appeared at the first council in Jerusalem. The Apostle James presided over the first council, and Peter was present as a member on the floor. The Emperor Constantine virtually presided over the Nicæan Council, and no bishop claimed prerogatives as a successor of Peter. Thus we have indubitable evidence, both in the Bible and out of it, that there was no popery on earth at the time the New Testament, as we now have it, was constituted. (The reader must understand that there were twenty-two spurious gospels in circulation, and that one of the main reasons for the convening of the council of Laodicea, about A. D. 363, was to sift the wheat from the chaff. Those gospels and letters which you now find in the New Testament were adopted as authoritative and canonical. The twenty-two rejected gospels can even now be read in book form. Some of them are extremely curious and interesting.)

Having been the capital of the Roman Empire, the very name of Rome exerted an immense influence throughout the world. The Legions of Rome had made her name a terror to her enemies—an inspiration to her friends. The fleets of Rome had fought on every sea. "All roads lead to Rome" was a literal truism when the saying became common throughout the Empire. Her science and art, her laws, her taxes, her stern discipline, had been felt wherever the footprint of the Roman soldier had been made. Around the proudest of kings the Roman envoy had drawn a line with his staff of office and had said imperiously, "Don't leave that circle until you have answered the demands of Rome." "*Civis Romanus sum*"—"I am a Roman citizen"—was the cry which, in the most distant province, was expected to shield the humblest Roman from wrong; and when, in some phenomenal case, the plea fell on deaf ears, the Roman Forum was tempest-tossed under the wrathful eloquence of Cicero.

Into this world-known city came Paul to plant the banner of Christ. There is not a shred of historical evidence that Peter was ever in Rome. There is internal evidence in the New Testament, and many facts known to profane history, that Peter had nothing to do with the founding of the church in Italy.

The Gospel of Christ was a bugle-call to a weary world when it was first proclaimed among the Gentiles. The Christians lived their religion and thus rebuked the pride, the avarice, and the corruption of the times. They promised a life beyond the grave to those who inherited the fear of death and who had been taught the immortality of the soul. They preached equality and brotherhood to those who were tired of being trampled upon. To those who had believed in Venus and Cupid there was nothing strange in Mary and her Son. Their great poet, Virgil, had, some forty years before, predicted the birth of a son to the Roman God Jupiter, and the Roman poet had sung beautifully of the advent of this miraculously born human child into the world. Consequently the spread of our religion at Rome was rapid. Persecution could not check it. Men and women who died for their faith preached the most powerful sermons in its favor—for at that time decadent Roman pagans were not willing to die for an idea or a creed.

But can you not see how the overshadowing dignity of the city of Rome would impart itself insensibly to the church of Rome? A decisive historical fact is that the entire Roman Empire had, for centuries, been trained to look to the Eternal city as the central seat of authority, both in government and in religion.

In the paganism which was practiced among the Romans there was a supreme pope, or pontiff, whose residence was in the city of Rome. According to tradition, this pope had been set up by Numa about seven hundred years before Christ, and thus the institution of popery was as familiar and as acceptable to the Roman people as were the augurs, the vestals, and the temples themselves. Almost without exception, the emperor was also the pope, uniting in his person the supreme authority in both church and state.

Is it difficult for you to realize how the historic facts of the case lent themselves to priestly encroachment and to pagan innovation? Do you not see how natural it was that the Bishop of Rome should bulk more largely upon the horizon of the Roman world than the Bishop of Corinth or of Thessalonica; and will you be surprised to learn that, when the seat of empire was removed to Constantinople and the person of the emperor was no longer present to overshadow the Bishop of Rome, the latter should wax in power and importance?

The European part of the Roman Empire never took kindly to the removal of the capital to the East. The very name of Rome was embedded in whatever was left of European patriotism. The grandeurs and the glories of Roman history could not be disassociated from the name. Consequently when the Emperor moved away to the Bosphorus and gave his own name to the new capital of the Empire, the disaffection which, after ages, was to sever the Roman world into two parts began to be felt: and the Bishop of Rome, remaining in the venerable city as the sole visible exponent of authority, was the logical recipient of the legacy of the ages—the fear, the respect, the attachment which the Roman world had been educated for centuries to feel for Rome. Constantine could transport to his new city the eagles, the treasures, the seat of authority: what was material he could move because his will was law: the sentimental he could not remove or destroy,—the reverence for Father Tiber; for the Mistress of the World, seated upon her Seven Hills; for the ancient religion; for the fame of the great men of the Empire; for the glorious battles which the Roman soldier had won in every portion of the known globe:—these could not be transported to the Hellespont. These were in men's minds and hearts; these were in literature and in art, in poesy and

song; these clung to Rome; and, when the Latin people embraced the faith of Christ, we can very well understand how they would, in the course of time, accept the idea of a pope; and how they would carry into the new religion the ancient pagan rites which they had inherited from their remotest ancestors.

WHAT DOES CHAMP CLARK MEAN?

WHEN asked whether he would favor the election of committees by the House, or their appointment by the Speaker, Hon. Champ Clark refused to answer. He is quoted as having said: "I have never committed myself on that proposition and am not prepared to discuss it now."

Is history about to repeat itself again? A few years ago there was the greatest excitement in Congress about Reed's rules. The Democrats tore up the earth against those outrageous, czarlike rules. The denunciation of Czar Reed throughout the country contributed mightily to the Democratic success of 1890. Yet the Democrats adopted similar rules, and Speaker Crisp did exactly what Speaker Reed had done. I can yet hear the rasping voice in which Tom Reed jeered at the Democrats about this, and I can yet see the rather sheepish smile which came over the face of Mr. Crisp.

Is it possible that Champ Clark, after fighting Cannonism, is going to re-establish it? In last March, when Mr. Norris of Nebraska was making his gallant fight against Speaker Cannon, the country certainly understood Mr. Clark to be in favor of the election of committees by the House. Why is it that he now refuses to define his position? Does he aspire to One-Man Power? Does he want to pack committees? Will he deprive the House of Representatives of its freedom of deliberation? Does he mean to have a self-chosen committee of three, which will wield despotic power over the representatives of the people?

In the British Parliament, the French Chambers, the German Reichstag, the members elect their own committees. In this land of liberty the boasted representatives of 90,000,000 people are mere automatons, moved at will by one man, the Speaker of the House.

CHAMP CLARK, OF MISSOURI
The Logical Choice for Speaker of the Next House

THE LAMENTABLE FAILURE OF THE SOLDIERS' HOMES

A NOBLE motive prompted the law which established alleged "Homes" for the veterans of the Civil War, but those who rushed the appropriations and those who now repeat them erred in their conception of human nature. It takes more than a house to make a home. The feeling of exclusive proprietorship, the right of domestic control, the companionship of loved ones, the daily contact with friends and acquaintances, the environment which is associated with one's life; the sights and sounds and scenes which have become a part of one's existence; the flowers in the yard, the vine at the door, the cluck of the poultry, the tinkle of the cow-bell, the bark of the dog which guards the premises, the song of the birds, the very hearth where one is the king of his own little domain; the old furniture and books and pictures on the wall that carry one back to boyhood or to girlhood; the trees which perhaps you planted, and in whose shade you have taken many an after-dinner nap, the very paths that lead to the old familiar places; the eastern horizon over which you have seen the sun come up so many a time, and the western, on which you have so often gazed as the radiance faded from the golden clouds at sunset; the freedom of motion, of thought, and of speech; the absolute right to say what you please and do what you please so long as you trench upon the rights of no fellow-being—these—every one of these—are contributing elements to the ideal home.

Yet our State and National Governments, strangely oblivious to what is requisite to human happiness, take a lot of old men, many of whom are infirm; lodge them in a large building, remote from their old homes and associates; feed them as so many dependents; discipline them with a lot regulations; and restrict, to a very considerable extent their liberty of thought, speech, and action. Is it any wonder that they become homesick and unhappy? Is it any wonder that life becomes a burden to them? They have nothing to look forward to: there is nothing in which they can take any interest: time hangs heavy on their hands: and there is bitterness in their souls, for they feel that they have been buried alive.

There is a profound truth in the adage that it is not good for man to live alone. In fact, no one can do it and be happy; yet we virtually declare by our Soldiers' Home laws that each old soldier must be banished from home and sent to a place of solitary confinement for the rest of his natural life. There is no social life possible under the circumstances; and without the social feature the normal man is miserable. Each of the Old Vets has his grievance; his fellow-prisoners have to listen to it; and thus they contribute liberally to making each other wretched.

What's the remedy? The huge sums required for the maintenance of those establishments should be given directly to the old soldiers, who would thus derive a greater benefit from the national bounty than they do now; and they would retain the blessed privilege of passing their last days among their own people, at a place of their own choosing.

The Soldiers' Home in Atlanta, Georgia, receives $25,000 a year for the purchase of supplies for the handful of men confined there. If my data is correct, this would allow $250 to each

veteran in the Home. I am not actuated by the least unfriendly spirit toward the management of the institution when I express the hope that the next Georgia Legislature will vote one hundred dollars apiece to each of the inmates of the Home, and let those old birds out of that dismal cage. If certain useless offices and high salaries were abolished, the State of Georgia could allow each ex-Confederate soldier one hundred dollars, and still save money as compared with the present *regime*.

HAVE THE SPECIAL INTERESTS SIMPLY CHANGED HORSES?

DURING the recent campaign it was quite apparent that the Republicans were getting no support from Wall Street and the Trusts. There are many reasons for believing that the beneficiaries of Special Privilege realized that they couldn't use the Republican Party any further just now, and that their strength was thrown to the Democrats.

Have you noted the statement put forth by Senator Money, of Mississippi? Hernando, as you will remember, was one of the Senators who stood up manfully for the Lumber Trust at the last session. By his vote he virtually declared that it was right to tax millions of merchants, farmers, laborers, etc., in order that a few big lumber companies might pile up riches. Although the Democratic Platform pledged every member of the Party to Free Lumber, Senator Money harkened to the voice of the Lumber Trust rather than to that of the great Common Peope.

He is now speaking in the interests of the trusts again: he says that the Democrats must go slow: they must not be in any hurry about touching the sacred Tariff. He blandly deprecates any revision of the Payne-Aldrich Bill until the Democrats meet in regular session two years from now.

In the light of recent events, could any counsel be more infamous?

According to such heartless men as Hernando Money, it is better for the country to have millions of men, women, and children suffering from the high cost of living than to rudely interrupt the raking in of fabulous profits by such insatiable combinations of capital as the Beef Trust, the Sugar Trust, the Dry Goods Trust, the Wool Trust and the Lumber Truts.

Would Senator Money have dared to talk that way on the day before the election? Would any Democratic candidate have dared to make speeches to that effect during the campaign?

No, indeed! With a unanimous voice the Democratic politicians damned the new Tariff Law and promised reductions in its schedules.

So well was the temper of the country understood that even President Taft declared that the Woolen Schedule was indefensible; and Republicans, generally, condemn the dry goods duties. Yet here we have a Democratic Senator from a Southern State telling the country that things must remain as they are.

Have the people been fooled again? Have the beneficiaries of Special Privilege simply changed horses?

HOW DO YOU LIKE THE IDEA OF BEING GOVERNED FROM ITALY?

A FEW years ago Congress was on the point of passing a bill to restrict foreign immigration. The aged Italian gentleman who claimed to be the Vicar of Christ did not favor the proposed legislation. The addition to the numbers and voting strength of the Roman Catholic church in this country is mainly due to European immigration: hence the Papa's antagonism to the bill which Congress was about to pass.

A certain prince of the church quietly swooped down upon Washington City, pussy-footed around, saw the necessary members of each political party—and the bill to restrict immigration was quietly, suddenly, dropped.

Thus your National Congress, the highest law-making body on earth, took its orders from Italy upon a matter which in nowise concerned Italy itself.

Our government at this writing, (November 17) still refuses to acknowledge the existence of the Portuguese Republic. The British Monarchy has acknowledged it: the Spanish Monarchy has done likewise: the French Republic has followed suit: the Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Germany have welcomed the new republic; yet our government surlily keeps silence. With indecent haste it acknowledged the Panama Republic, the creation of which was the result of conspiracy and crime. Why is it that our government has waited so long in the case of Portugal? In that country there was a spontaneous upheaval of the people against a profligate court and an oppressive priesthood. The Revolution was completely successful and was comparatively bloodless. Law and order were almost immediately restored, a republican form of government set up, and the administration of public affairs put in the hands of conservative, capable men.

Of course the Pope doesn't like what happened. The throwing off of the papal yoke by the Portuguese means a loss of millions of dollars a year to him. This blow, coming so soon after those which France and Spain dealt him, appears to have stunned the old gentleman. He, of course, refuses to sanction what has happened in either of the countries named; and it is his influence, exerted through Falconio and Company, which causes our Government to assume an attitude of hostility to the youngest of republics.

Great Britain refuses to receive an ambassador from the Pope: so does France: so does Germany: so does Russia. Why do we allow both the letter and the spirit of our Constitution to be violated by the reception of official ambassadors from any church? How long are we going to tolerate the intermeddling of this crafty Italian, Falconio? In everything pertaining to the interests of the Italian hierarchy, he is the ruler of our republic.

PAGES FROM MY BOYHOOD DIARY

November, 1876.

BACK to Thomson! What strange tricks Life has played with me since I left here—now a collegian, now a school-teacher, now a lawyer, battling always with poverty. I hardly know how I came by the idea of returning here at the particular time I did; but I think it was a mere sudden impulse. I had got tired of the humdrum life of a school-teacher, and I wrote to M. R. H. Pearce, one of my old teachers, to know if he would take me into his family and give me a chance to see what I could do. He responded nobly, and I came at once and commenced the practice of my profession. I was received with a kindness that touched my heart, and I turned a new page in the book of my life.

My office, at the Court House with Mr. Pearce, looks out upon the old play-ground of my boyhood days; and here, in sight of my old home, here amid the holiest associations memory cherishes, I intend to make the final fight and, God willing, win my laurels.

My practice so far has been good, yielding me $101.70 in cash. I have met, single-handed, every member of the Bar, and have no reason to complain of the result.

Mr. J. E. White has associated me in the Editorship of *The Journal*, and this, I think, has been of great benefit to me. When he went to Florida he left me in charge and I ran the paper almost entirely until his return. Then I withdrew to give all my time to the study of my profession. The position I held on *The Journal* was a most pleasant one. I believe a man can come very near to happiness, editing a thriftly little country newspaper.

* * * * * * *

While editing the McDuffie *Journal*, I wrote various sketches for it, some of which I find in the old Scrap Book; also a "Song for Memorial Day," composed at the request of the ladies who had charge of the ceremonies. This song was beautifully rendered by the children on the regular Memorial Day of 1878, and is occasionally repeated even now. In the city of Augusta, strange to say, the authorship is accredited to the late Fred T. Lockhart. As our readers, especially our younger ones, may feel an interest in these early efforts at composition, we include a selection.

I. Strictly a Democrat

We were sitting in the office, my client and I, when there came a gentle tap at the door.

"Come in," I remarked, and in she came. Her complexion was deeply colored and her look was as humble as Uriah Heep's. "Can I warm by de fire?" she inquired, and I told her she might. As she moved before the grate, the client regarded her with distrust in one eye and scorn in the other. No one pretended to say she was tipsy, but the smell of benzine clung fondly about her. She eyed the client tenderly a moment, and then said:

"I'm er Dimercrat. I allus has been a Dimercrat. Heap er der niggers is Radicals an' try to make me er Radical, too, but I sticks to der white man's side."

Then her voice grew soft and winning as she said to my client:

"Boss, has you a quarter?"

"Yes, I has a quarter," he said, sneeringly.

"Well, Boss, I'm er true Dimercrat—please give me the quarter?"

"No, I won't," he said; "I work hard for my money and I'm not going to throw it away on such big lazy beggars as you."

She turned to me with a sigh and

said, "Boss, I are always on der white man's side; can't you gin me—"

But I stopped her and said, "I thought you merely wanted to warm; how much longer will it take you?"

She gave herself a drunken twist and said, "I'm going now." And sure enough, the light of her countenance did gradually fade from the office; but I heard her mutter as she went, "Of all de humbugs in dis world, der Dimercrat party is de humbuggest."

II. A Superb Organization

By this big-sounding epithet I simply mean the distinguished scoundrel who brought himself and his organ to a stand-still before the Court House last Friday, while Court was in session, and mistook it for an Opera House. Under this impression the solemn humbug began to play a tune. Some of the bystanders warned him that the building was a Court House, and that neither the Court nor the Bar would permit any unholy intrusion upon their pious proceedings. But the grinder was determined to have his fun, and went to blazing away at the decaying remains of what once might have been a tune. The Judge heard it and was shocked; the lawyers heard it and were horrified. The Judge was first to recover himself and he lifted up his voice and said: "Mr. Sheriff, I solemnly command you, in the name of this Court and the inhabitants thereof, to stop that fuss!" The Sheriff thereupon put his head out the window and yelled: "O, yez! O, yez! Know all men by these present, that the County Court says that the organ grinder, and his heirs and assigns, must git from here, forever in fee simple. God save the State, and keep an eye on organ grinders!"

This proclamation made the grinder feel bad, and expressing his feelings about the matter in terms that were emphatic as well as gilt-edged, he betook himself to Branchville.

III. Mr. Combs and the Tramp

Late last Saturday evening a tramp came into the office where Mr. Combs and Charlie were busy at work. His general appearance was a standing invitation to curt remarks, while his face wore a touching appeal for soap and water. He was robust and his voice was strong as he said:

"Gentlemen, from the streets I have wandered into the printing office, and you behold in me—"

"Oh, yes," broke in Charlie; "we behold in you a lazy vagabond and we would like to know what you want!"

"Gentlemen, I was not always thus. There is noble blood in these veins, and my name—"

"Botheration," cried Mr. Combs, "what do you suppose we care about your blood or your name. Tell us what you want, will you, without giving us any more of your interesting personal history."

"I want some'in to eat."

"You tramps never want anything else," said Charlie, with a curl of his lip that would have made Byron die of envy. But both he and Mr. Combs were tired, and longed to go out and dally with the charms of some winsome cider. So they told the gentleman of the distinguished blood that if he'd finish up the office work, they would pay him for it, and tried to stimulate him by holding out, in an alluring manner, the neat sum of twenty-five cents. The tramp bit at the offer, and saying that he was ravenously hungry, urged them to let him get something to eat before he commenced work. They agreed; Mr. Combs gave him the money; he shuffled out and the men sat down to wait for his return.

After about fifteen minutes Charlie said, "I'm getting precious anxious for my cider."

"Methinks we will soon hear the echo of his footsteps approaching," respond-

ed Mr. Combs, and he commenced singing an operatic air in the deep tragic voice which is enough to make anybody's flesh creep.

Ten minutes passed, and Charlie said, "Mr. Combs, that man ain't coming back."

"Coming back!" achoed Mr. Combs, "I'll bet you he comes back. If he don't, I'll take that stick of mine, and the way I'll jerk the hide off his back will be funny." Still he was uneasy and, walking to the window, he looked out for a long while and with an affectionate interest that was truly complimentary to the absent vagrant.

"I've no doubt you would if you got close enough," Charlie continued, "but by this time he's out of reach."

"We'll see about that," said Mr. C., excitedly. "Get me roused and I'm a perfect—Where's my coat and stick?" He found them, ran into his coat, jammed on his hat, seized his stick, and away he went to look for the tramp.

Half an hour elapsed, and then Mr. Combs was seen approaching the office slowly, as if he was tired and felt bad. As he came up Charlie asked, "Did you find him, Mr. Combs?"

"Find fiddlesticks," was the surly response. "Charlie, you'll oblige me by not alluding to this subject any more."

Nobody has had the termerity to mention it since.

IV. Difficulties in Rat-Killing

For some months past a playful mouse, whose moral character needed repairing, has been harrowing the feelings of Jack Adkins by depredations committed upon his goods at divers times and places, to the damage of his property and the upsetting of his temper. Various means were employed to demolish the unsuspecting mouse, but he always managed to escape with impunity and with his usual booty.

A few mornings since, Messrs. Adkins and Hillman were sitting by the fire very quietly when suddenly Hillman exclaimed that the rat was on the warpath again, and was behind the wood-box. Instantly there was great excitement in the store. Mr. Adkins caught up the broom and Hillman seized a huge piece of wood and they both gathered around the wood-box with bated breath and anxious eyes. Willis cautiously moved the wood-box a little, and both men prepared to smash the rat to mere atoms. He moved it a little more and out ran the rat. Down came the broom and the stick of wood with astonishing force. Hillman ruined the wood-box and Adkins shattered the window pane. Meanwhile the rat, with a sarcastic twinkle in his eye and a sneer on his lips calmly slid through a small hole between the slats and was safe. As Mr. Adkins raked up the fragments of glass he sadly remarked, "Ten cents more out of my pocket and no rat."

V. Memorial Day

Tomorrow is Memorial Day and, from the mountains to the Everglades, bright-eyed girls, pure as the white they wear, will decorate the graves of those who died for a cause as holy as the incense from the flowers they scatter. And while the thousands in the State sing dirges over the soldiers who lie among us, we think that, far away in the valleys of Virginia, the Shenandoah will murmur softly its requiem for the unknown who sleep upon its banks and the wild flower will bow its head to shed a dewy tear above some unmarked grave.

Tomorrow the Southern harp will be lifted from the willow, and forth from its quivering chord affection's fingers will lead one more melody—a melody that shall be low with sadness as it bends to the Past, a melody that shall ring with exultation as it soars aloft to the future. For today our principles, which have been stained by malice and torn by discord; which have been laid

away in the cerements of the tomb, have conquered oppression and have come forth bearing evergreen palms.

Tomorrow we honor the exemplars of those principles. Some of them made the sacrifice of their being when life was like the morning cloud, floating airily over plains where the dewdrop still lingered on the lily and birds were singing from every spray. Others, when noon-day had swept off everything but stern realities: others again, when evening was coming on and the stars of eternity were looking down upon the growing shadows. All alike claim our respect; and we will lay our garland upon their graves with a reverent hand and murmur as we pass along, "May they sleep in peace, for their deeds do follow them."

Song For Decoration Day

By Thos. E. Watson.

Air:—"Scatter Seeds of Kindness."

While the blooming Spring is wafting
  Odors on each buoyant gale—
While the notes of merry songsters
  Chime with brooklets in the vale,
Come we now and scatter gently,
  With a loving, trembling hand,
Garlands o'er our buried treasures—
  Heroes of our sunny land.

Chorus.—Then scatter flowers gently,
  Where our slumb'ring heroes lie.

Here they sleep and Spring may murmur
  Joyous music on the plain;
Birds may warble sweetest carols,
  But their anthems are in vain.
Yet because we loved them fondly
  In the palmy days of yore,
Mem'ries float upon us softly
  As the wavelets on the shore.

Chorus.—Then scatter flowers gently, etc.

There is beauty in the snowflakes—
  Beauty in the waters bright;
There is beauty in the evening—
  In the holy stars of night;
But no scene has earth more lovely—
  More exalting, nobly fair,
Than when Hope strews floral tributes,
  'Round the grave of still Despair.

Chorus.—Then scatter flowers gently, etc.

So today above the warriors,
  Banner bearers in the fray,
(While the cause for which they struggled
  Lies as low and dead as they;)
Drop we roses, while our purpose
  Frames a watchword fresh as flowers,
"Wrecked our Past is—filled with ashes,
  But the star-crowned Future's ours."

Chorus.—Then scatter flowers gently, etc.

* * * * * * *

March 23, 1877.

During the past week the Superior Court of McDuffie has been in session and I made my first speech before a jury. The cause was criminal, the State against Neander Edwards, charged with simple larceny. The court room was crowded with people, my old school-mates, school teachers, and above all, Judge W. A. McLaws, under whom I read law. It was a trying time, but I pleased my friends and of course I was satisfied. This morning (Friday) I was in another criminal case (Ophelia Smith, Burglary), made the opening speech, and we (Salem Dutcher, Sol. Sar? and I) convicted her. This evening many kind words were spoken to me which I will not soon forget. The people are so kind to me that if I do my duty I will succeed.

Just after this business came to a halt so far as my profession was concerned, and I had fine opportunities to study. I bought (on credit) a very ample supply of law books for a beginner, and went into a regular course of reading. At the same time I was Associate Editor of *The Journal*, and the composition of my share of the work was a good school for improvement.

In August came on for trial the case of Story *v.* Petit. I issued a warrant for the latter, charging him with malicious mischief, in shooting the bull of A. J. Story. The Court House was crowded—public opinion siding strongly for the Defendant. Every man on "the Ridge, I think, was present. They proved that the bull was a tremendous devil—guilty of tearing fences down, eating up crops, and committing depredations generally. He had been

shot by dozens of people while in their fields with no visible effect. It was currently believed that he never went about with less than 24 pounds of shot in him and Col. Bill Tutt (counsel for Defendant) alleged that he was the ordnance train of the whole neighborhood. It was said that Moses Jones, seeing that he digested lead so well, had, in a fit of despair, shot him with a keg of ten-penny nails. Some thought that the reason of his death was, not being shot regularly.

It was impossible to do anything with such a case. Bascome Story (who employed me) was deceived, moreover, in his witnesses. I had no opportunity of seeing them myself before trial. They couldn't carry home to Petit the fact of the killing. The Defendant came clear.

(Drawn specially for WATSON'S)

The "New Party" and its Driver

The Massacre

Thos. Elmore Lucey

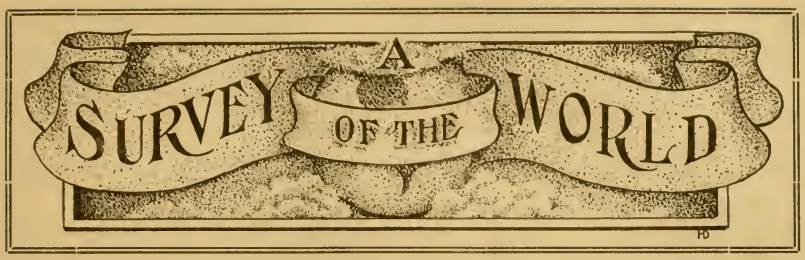
There's a wail from the valleys of Cedron,
And a cry from the deserts of Zin,
Like a sob from the soul of a demon
In the uttermost ocean of sin;
And far from the wastes and the weeping
Of Rahab, the comfortless one,
Come the bacchanal shouts of the victors:
"The work is most wondrously done!"

Most wondrously done! All the Herods
Have drabbled their hands in the flood,
And down by the sweep of the sea mothers weep
For the reeking baptism of blood.
Behind are the verdureless mountains,
Before them the measureless sea,
And never the gleam of a spar or a beam,
Or the dip of a gull on the sea.

And what of the lives of the children
You crushed in your blood-reeking palms?
And what of the tears of the Crucified One,
When you butchered His innocent lambs?
With your crosses of gold and your thorn-crowns,
And your Pharisee-temples of pride,
You stifled the moans and the pitiful groans,
And the soul-starving little ones died.

For the spirit of freedom your fathers
Marked time in the ranks of the slain;
The grave was the pathway to vict'ry,
The price of your freedom was pain.
But, you've stolen the birthright of glory,
And stilled the old Liberty Bell;
For Christ it's a crust, and your captains of lust
Go bartering hearthstones for hell!

There's a wail from the farthermost mountain,
And a cry from the nethermost vale,
Like a sob from the Desert of Silence,
Or a lost demon's desolate wail;
And far from the wastes and the weeping
Of Rahab, the comfortless one,
Come the bacchanal shouts of the victors:
"The work is most wondrously done!"



By THE EDITOR

THE November elections resulted in just about such another landslide in favor of the Democrats as happened in 1892. The reasons why the country turned against the Republicans are sufficiently obvious.

The manner in which Mr. Taft selected for his cabinet a lot of obscure corporation lawyers: the way in which Ballinger immediately set about stealing public property for his clients, the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate: the surrender of the Friar Lands in the Phillipines to the Sugar Trust by their attorney, Mr. Secretary Wickersham: the shock given to the people when it was discovered that President Taft himself had made an untrue report concerning the papers which he had before him when he exonerated Ballinger: the cynical breaking of the pledge for a downward revision of the Tariff, and the enormities of the Payne-Aldrich Bill: the indorsement given by the President to such Standpatters as Aldrich, Lodge, Tawney, and Cannon: the war waged by Mr. Taft against such men as Dolliver, La Follette, and Cummins: the aggressive insolence and rapacity exhibited by the Trusts: the high cost of living, resulting from the new Tariff law—all these were contributing causes to the political revolution.

* * * * *

Unfortunately, it does not follow that the people are to have relief. Already there is circumstantial evidence to the effect that the Democrats are going to be exceedingly kind to the Trusts. The rottenest chapter in American history was the second administration of Grover Cleveland—and I very much fear that we are going to have a repetition of it. In that event, Socialism or some other form of radical change will be the result. When a great people find themselves fettered, hand and foot, by class legislation; when the prices of the food supply of the country are arbitrarily put up or down by a combination of less than half a dozen men: when our law-made monopolies export the necessaries of life and sell them abroad cheaper than they will here at home: when the Federal judges persistently defend these violators of law and screen them from punishment: when the Government is spending three and a half million dollars per day for every working-day in the year—a revenue derived, not from the accumulated wealth of the rich, but from the necessaries of life which the common people must purchase in order to live: when the nation sees that Senators vote in the interest of their own pockets constantly and shamelessly, as part-owners of the Trusts: when the profligate living of those who have been enriched by class legislation insults the miseries of the poor: when those in power run the Government in the interest of dollars, without regard to the desperate condition of the masses of the people—how can we delude our-

selves with the vain idea that there is no danger ahead?

* * * * *

In commenting upon the developments at the Ballinger investigation, some months ago, I predicted that after the clamor died down Ballinger would quietly steal for his clients the lands covered by the Cunningham claims. Evidently Pinchot is of the same opinion, for he has applied for, and obtained, leave to file a brief against those fraudulent claims.

The Troublesome Child —Houston *Post*

It will be remembered that the Guggenheim-Morgan syndicate had numerous individuals, who acted as their dummies, to enter these claims; and that the Government, through its ex-

perts, secured affidavits to that effect. Soon after Ballinger was appointed to his present position, however, he took the case out of the hands of the experts and gave it to an inexperienced, incompetent young lawyer named Sheridan. This booby, or crook, at once exposed his hand to the lawyers of the Cunningham claimants; whereupon the astute lawyers asked the court to postpone their trial until they could make their preparations to meet the Government's affidavits. Sheridan interposed no objection, and the court kindly consented, whereupon the astute lawyers aforesaid worked the rabbit-foot on the makers of said affidavits and secured other affidavits contradicting those which Sheridan had introduced.

Of course the attorney for the Government should not have put in his evidence until the other side had announced "Ready." After such announcement had been made no continuance could have been legally granted for the mere purpose of getting up evidence to meet that of the Government. Either through ignorance or dishonesty, Sheridan simply butchered the Government's case. Ballinger has never explained why he took the matter out of the hands of the experts who had worked it up and gave it to this tyro.

The agent of the Guggenheim-Morgan syndicate testified before the Senate Committee that a half interest in these Cunningham claims was worth $5,000,000. If the syndicate gets the property through these dummy entries the Government will receive $50,000 and the syndicate will be enriched by at least $10,000,000,000.

NEW JERSEY elected Woodrow Wilson, late President of Princeton Univeristy, to be her next Governor. His majority was quite decisive. Apparently this little State, which has granted so many outrageous charters to corporations and which has had so much that is putrid in its politics, is determined to have a change for the better. Dr. Wilson has the confidence of the country, and is now a Presidential possibility. The South would naturally feel kind toward him because he is, by birth, a Southerner: the North would have no objection to supporting him, for his life work has been done in that section: men of letters would be inclined to support him because he is a scholar of wide repute: the business men would have no reason to antagonize him, for he is known to be conservative; therefore he would, in all human probability, make a strong candidate for the Presidency.

ANNOUNCEMENT is made that the Panama Canal will be open for business in 1915. It is claimed that the cost will not exceed $375,000,000. President Taft has been making a tour of inspection down there, and it seems that everything has been found in a satisfactory condition. There has been some talk of annexing Panama to the United States; but the President, while on the Isthmus, took occasion to say publicly that our Government had no such intention.

THE famous Carmack-Cooper case, which convulsed Tennessee and attracted attention throughout the United States, has come to a close, so far as the courts are concerned. The Attorney-General gave the younger Cooper a verdict of "Not guilty." He did not leave it to a jury as he should have done.

It frequently happens that after the prosecution has introduced all of its evidence, the presiding judge directs the jury to return a verdict of "not guilty." He does this when the State has failed to make out a case, and when he would, therefore, set aside a verdict of "guilty" if the jury should find one. But the practice violates the fundamental principles of our system of jurisprudence, and it should be prohibited by statute.

It is for the jury to pass upon the facts, and the judge should not usurp that prerogative. A judge and the attorney-genera who arrogate to themselves the right to give to an indicted person a verdict of "not guilty," when no witnesses have been summoned to attend that session of court, when the prosecutor has not been notified of the action intended to be taken, and when the case has not even been called for trial, simply trample the law under their feet.

* * * * *

At the trial of the two Coopers, both were convicted by a jury selected by themselves. On appeal to the Supreme Court the verdict against the elder Cooper was affirmed; that against the younger Cooper was set aside, not because the evidence was insufficient to support it, but because the judge had failed to give in charge to the jury, at the request of Cooper's counsel, certain legal principles which the Supreme Court held to be applicable to the case.

Consequently it should be clear to every impartial mind that it was the duty of the attorney-general to go into a retrial of Robin Cooper, submit the evidence to a jury, and thus put where it belonged the responsibility for Cooper's acquittal or conviction.

It is conceded that it was Robin Cooper who fired the fatal shot. The elder Cooper had threatened to kill Carmack: his son was well aware of that fact: the two men arm themselves and go hunting for Carmack: they find him on his way home to dinner, and talking to a lady friend: they come up behind him: one of them cries, "We have got you!"—and Carmack, who has been informed of the threats against his life, whirls to fight. Inasmuch as they had made this situation, bringing upon Carmack the necessity to defend himself, it did not at all matter who fired the first shot—he or the Coopers. They were seeking his life—not he, theirs. He was on his way home to eat dinner in the midst of his family: they were on the warpath in pursuit of a deliberately intended victim.

The brilliant editor, the magnetic orator, the gallant gentleman, the incorruptible Senator who fought the Ship Subsidy bill to its death, and caused the Government to discontinue the use of the offensive word "Rebellion" in its reference to our Civil War, was the victim of a deliberate, malicious, brutal, and cowardly murder.

THE government is amusing itself by filing rhetorical writs against the Sugar Trust, and the General Electric Trust. For the next two or three years the newspapers will be regaling us with various notices of the non-progress of these fatuous and futile suits.

Of course, all sensible people know that law proceedings will never break up monopolies. The only way to do that is to remove their source, to wit: the high tariff. A fifty per cent cut applied to the Custom-house duties, which importers have to pay before they can compete with American manufacturers, would introduce competition; and this competition of foreign-made goods with home-made goods would automatically dissolve the trusts.

As long as the Government destroys competition it is reponsible for monopoly; repeal the laws which throttle competition and competition will destroy the monopolies.

IN the Death of Senator Alexander Stephens Clay, the country loses a public servant of unquestioned integrity, unflagging industry, ripe experience, and growing usefulness. During the last few years his originally strong constitution had been giving way, but he clung to his post of duty, was constant in his attendance upon committee meetings and upon the sessions of the Senate. During the panic of 1907 he delivered

a very strong speech on the financial question, heartily supporting those sound financial principles which were set forth by Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Calhoun. He also made a powerful arraignment of the Sugar Trust, exposing its violation of the laws and its systematized robbery of the Government.

His last work was a denunciation of the Sugar Trust

Senator Clay had few personal enemies and numberless strong personal friends. He was so unassuming, sociable, and magnetic that thousands of those who differed from him politically had a kindly feeling for "Steve" Clay.

To fill the vacancy caused by his death, Governor Brown has appointed Hon. Joseph H. Terrell, former AttorneyGeneral and Governor of the State of Georgia.

IN Great Britain, stormy times may be expected. By mutual consent the struggle of parties was discontinued at the death of King Edward, and this Truce ended only a few weeks ago. Now, the war is on again. It is said that young King George is a Tory; that he is uncompromisingly opposed to the abolition of the House of Lords; that he has stubbornly refused to pledge himself to Premier Asquith to appoint a sufficient number of peers to put such a bill through; and that it is his intention to defy the will of the English people if, in the general elections that are soon to be called, they should declare against the peers.

Mule-headedness of this kind has cost many a prince his crown.

The press dispatches of November 18th announce that on Lord Roseberry's motion, the peers have adopted, without division, a bill which provides for the election of members of the House of Lords by the people. The details of the measure are not given; but if it is proposed to restrict the choice of members of the Upper House to the peerage, the gain to the people would be slight. No man or class of men should inherit the power to rule and legislate; it is this vicious, undemocratic principle that the Liberals are striking at. To say to the people, "You may elect the members to the Upper House, but you must choose from among those who belong to the aristocratic caste," is but to make a mockery of the demand for popular election of the members of the Upper House of the British Parliament.

WHEN M. BRIAND, the Socialist, was made Premier of France, his brethren throughout the world were greatly elated. They hailed it as a crowning triumph of Socialism, and eagerly expected the introduction of many of their radical demands into the French law. Nothing of the ort came to pass. Responsibility sobered M. Briand, as it does every other sane person. The Socialist members of the French Chamber soon began to murmur at him, accusing him of having abandoned his lifelong principles. Afterwards, when he put down, with mailed fist, the revolutionary uprising of the laboring classes, their rage against him broke out in the wildest demostrations in the Chamber of Deputies. They not only shouted at him furiously, but shook their fists at him, manifesting the strongest disposition to do him personal violence. He stood his ground, however, and his conduct of affairs was approved by a large majority of the Deputies.

UNDER a recent Act of Congress, 262,000 corporations have made sworn reports of their net profits. Last year they "cleared" $3,125,000,000.

As the annual increase of wealth in the United States is $4,000,000,000, you will readily see that these corporations came mighty near to getting it all.

The rest of us, say 90,000,000 people, must get along the best we can on $875,000,000.

And as John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie et al. rake in the most of *that*, the Average Man gets no profits whatever.

MEXICO has been in a turbulent condition, owing to the fact that the Diaz despotism has granted such immense favors to dollar-chasing Americans. There has been fighting and bloodshed; but thus far the revolutionists have been kept down.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY, the Russian author and philosopher, suddenly left his home and family on the 12th day of November, and started on a pilgrimage to the Black Sea. Exposure, fatigue and perhaps mental worry prostrated the aged man when he had gone about eighty miles and he soon died. Violent quarrels, it is said, had taken place between the Count and his wife.

STORIES OF GODS AND HEROES

(From Bulfinch's Mythology)

Chapter III.

APOLLO AND DAPHNE—PYRAMUS AND THISBE—CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

THE slime with which the earth was covered by the waters of the flood produced an excessive fertility, which called forth every variety of production, both bad and good. Among the rest, Python, an enormous serpent, crept forth, the terror of the people, and lurked in the caves of Mount Parnassus. Apollo slew him with his arrows—weapons which he had not before used against any but feeble animals, hares, wild goats, and such game. In commemoration of this illustrious conquest he instituted the Pythian games, in which the victor in feats of strength, swiftness of foot, or in the chariot race was crowned with a wreath of beech-leaves; for the laurel was not yet adopted by Apollo as his own tree.

This myth probably means that after the deluge the heat of the sun (Apollo) caused to disappear all the noxious disease (Python) produced by the overflowing waters. The Pythian games were continued as late as A.D. 394. Gymnastic sports formed a part of the ceremonies, but the chief contest was a musical one. The prize was a wreath from the sacred bay tree in the vale of Tempe.

The famous statue of Apollo called the Belvedere represents the god after this victory over the serpent Python. To this Byron alludes in his *Childe Harold*, Canto iv.:

> "The lord of the unerring bow,
> The god of life, and poetry, and light,
> The Sun, in human limbs arrayed, and brow
> All radiant from his triumph in the fight.
> The shaft has just been shot; the arrow bright
> With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
> And nostril, beautiful disdain, and might
> And majesty flash their full lightnings by,
> Developing in that one glance the Deity."

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

Daphne was Apollo's first love. It was not brought about by accident, but by the malice of Cupid. Apollo saw the boy playing with his bow and arrows; and being himself elated with his recent victory over Python, he said to him, "What have you to do with warlike weapons, boy? Leave them for hands worthy of them. Behold the conquest I have won by means of them over the vast serpent who stretched his poisonous body over acres of the plain! Be content with your torch, child, and kindle up your flames, as you call them, where you will, but presume not to meddle with my weapons."

Venus's boy heard these words, and rejoined: "Your arrows may strike all things else, Apollo, but mine shall strike you." So saying he took his stand on a rock of Parnassus and drew from his quiver two arrows of different workmanship, one to excite love, the other to repel it. The former was of gold and sharpened, the latter blunt and tipped with lead. With the leaden shaft he struck the nymph Daphne, the daughter of the river god Peneus, and with the golden one Apollo, through the heart. Forthwith the god was seized with love for the maiden, and she abhorred the thought of loving. Her delight was in woodland sports and in the spoils of the chase. Many lovers sought her, but she spurned them all, ranging the woods and taking no thought of Cupid nor of Hymen. Her father often said to her: "Daughter, you owe me a son-in-law; you owe me grandchil-

dren." She, hating the thought of marriage as a crime, with her beautiful face tinged all over with blushes, threw her arms around her father's neck and said: "Dearest father, grant me this favor, that I may always remain unmarried, like Diana." He consented, but at the same time said: "Your own face will forbid it."

Apollo loved her, and longed to obtain her; and he who gives oracles to all the world was not wise enough to look into his own fortunes. He saw her hair flung loose over her shoulders, and said: "If so charming in disorder, what would it be if arranged?" He saw her eyes bright as stars; he saw her lips, and was not satisfied with only seeing them. He admired her hands and arms, naked to the shoulder, and whatever was hidden from view he imagined more beautiful still. He followed her; she fled, swifter than the wind, and delayed not a moment at his entreaties. "Stay," said he, "daughter of Peneus! I am not a foe. Do not fly me as a lamb flies a wolf or a dove the hawk. It is for love I pursue you. You make me miserable, for fear you should fall and hurt yourself on these stones, and I should be the cause. Pray run slower, and I will follow slower. I am no clown, no rude peasant. Jupiter is my father, and I am lord of Delphos and Tenedos, and know all things, present and future. I am the god of song and the lyre. My arrows fly true to the mark; but, alas! an arrow more fatal than mine has pierced my heart! I am the god of medicine, and I know the virtues of all healing plants. Alas! I suffer a malady that no balm can cure!"

The nymph continued her flight, and left his plea half uttered. And even as she fled she charmed him. The wind blew her garments, and her unbound hair streamed loose behind her. The god grew impatient to find his wooings thrown away, and, sped by Cupid, gained upon her in the race. It was like a hound pursuing a hare, with open jaws ready to seize, while the feebler animal darts forward, slipping from the very grasp. So flew the god and the virgin—he on the wings of love and she on those of fear. The pursuer is the more rapid, however, and gains upon her, and his panting breath blows upon her hair. Her strength begin to fail, and, ready to sink, she calls upon her father, the river god: "Help me, Peneus! open the earth to enclose me or change my form, which has brought me into this danger!" Scarcely had she spoken when a stiffness seized all her limbs; her bosom began to be enclosed in a tender bark; her hair became leaves; her arms became branches; her foot stuck fast in the ground, as a root; her face became a tree-top, retaining nothing of its former self but its beauty. Apollo stood amazed. He touched the stem and felt the flesh tremble under the new bark. He embraced the branches and lavished kisses on the wood. The branches shrank from his lips. "Since you cannot be my wife," said he, "you shall assuredly be my tree. I will wear you for my crown. I will decorate you with my harp and my quiver; and when the great Roman conquerors lead up the triumphal pomp to the Capitol you shall be woven into wreaths for their brows. And, as eternal youth is mine, you also shall be always green and your leaf know no decay." The nymph, now changed into a laurel tree, bowed its head in grateful acknowledgment.

That Apollo should be the god both of music and poetry will not appear strange, but that medicine should also be assigned to his province, may. The poet Armstrong, himself a physician, thus accounts for it:

"Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens every pain;
And hence the wise of ancient days adored
One power of physic, melody, and song."

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

Pyramus was the handsomest youth, and Thisbe the fairest maiden, in all Babylonia, where Semiramis reigned.

Their parents occupied adjoining houses, and neighborhood brought the young people together, and acquaintance ripened into love. They would gladly have married, but their parents forbade. One thing, however, they could not forbid—that love should glow with equal ardor in the bosoms of both. They conversed by signs and glances, and the fire burned more intensely for being covered up. In the wall that parted the two houses there was a crack, caused by some fault in the structure. No one had remarked it before, but the lovers discovered it. What will not love discover! It afforded a passage to the voice, and tender messages used to pass backward and forward through the gap backward and forward through the gap. As they stood, Pyramus on this side, Thisbe on that, their breaths would mingle. "Cruel wall," they said, "why do you keep two lovers apart? But we will not be ungrateful. We owe you, we confess, the privilege of transmitting loving words to willing ears." Such words they uttered on different sides of the wall; and when night came and they must say farewell, they pressed their lips upon the wall, she on her side, he on his, as they could come no nearer.

Next morning, when Aurora had put out the stars, and the sun had melted the frost from the grass, they met at the accustomed spot. Then, after lamenting their hard fate, they agreed that next night, when all was still, they would slip away from watchful eyes, leave their dwellings and walk out into the fields; and to insure a meeting, repair to a well-known edifice, standing without the city's bounds, called the Tomb of Ninus, and that the one who came first should await the other at the foot of a certain tree. It was a white mulberry tree, and stood near a cool spring. All was agreed on, and they waited impatiently for the sun to go down beneath the waters and night to rise up from them. Then cautiously Thisbe stole forth, unobserved by the family, her head covered with a veil, made her way to the monument, and sat down under the tree. As she sat alone in the dim light of the evening she descried a lioness, her jaws reeking with recent slaughter, approaching the fountain to slake her thirst. Thisbe fled at the sight and sought refuge in the hollow of a rock. As she fled she dropped her veil. The lioness, after drinking at the spring, turned to retreat to the woods, and, seeing the veil on the ground, tossed and rent it with her bloody mouth.

Pyramus, having been delayed, now approached the place of meeting. He saw in the sand the footsteps of the lion, and the color fled from his cheeks at the sight. Presently he found the veil all rent and bloody. "O, hapless girl," said he, "I have been the cause of thy death! Thou, more worthy of life than I, hast fallen the first victim. I will follow. I am the guilty cause, in tempting thee forth to a place of such peril, and not being myself on the spot to guard thee. Come forth, ye lions, from the rocks, and tear this guilty body with your teeeth." He took up the veil, carried it with him to the appointed tree, and covered it with kisses and with tears. "My blood also shall stain your texture," said he, and drawing his sword plunged it into his heart. The blood spurted from the wound and tinged the white mulberries of the tree all red; and sinking into the earth reached the roots, so that the red color mounted through the trunk to the fruit.

By this time Thisbe, still trembling with fear, yet wishing not to disappoint her lover, stepped cautiously forth, looking anxiously for the youth, eager to tell him the danger she had escaped. When she came to the spot and saw the changed color of the mulberries she doubted whether it was the same place. While she hesitated she saw the form of one struggling in the

agonies of death. She started back, a shudder ran through her frame as a ripple on the face of the still water when a sudden breeze sweeps over it. But as soon as she recognized her lover she screamed and beat her breast; embracing the lifeless body, pouring tears into his wounds, and imprinting kisses on the cold lips. "O, Pyramus," she cried, "what has done this? Answer me, Pyramus; it is your own Thisbe that speaks. Hear me, dearest, and lift that drooping head!" At the name of Thisbe, Pyramus opened his eyes, then closed them again. She saw her veil stained with blood and the scabbard empty of its sword. "Thy own hand has slain thee, and for my sake," she said. "I, too, can be brave for once, and my love is as strong as thine. I will follow thee in death, for I have been the cause; and death, which alone could part us, shall not prevent my joining thee. And ye, unhappy parents of us both, deny us not our united request. As love and death have joined us, let one tomb contain us. And thou, tree, retain the marks of slaughter. Let thy berries still serve for memorials of our blood." So saying she plunged the sword into her breast. Her parents ratified her wish, the gods also ratified it. The two bodies were buried in one sepulchre, and the tree ever after brought forth purple berries, as it does to this day.

If any of our young readers can be so hard-hearted as to enjoy a laugh at the expense of poor Pyramus and Thisbe, they may find an opportunity by turning to Shakespeare's play of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," where it is most amusingly burlesqued.

CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

Cephalus was a beautiful youth and fond of manly sports. He would rise before the dawn to pursue the chase. Aurora saw him when she first looked forth, fell in love with him, and stole him away. But Cephalus was just married to a charming wife, whome he devotedly loved. Her name was Procris. She was a favorite of Diana, the goddess of hunting, who had given her a dog which could outrun every rival, and a javelin which would never fail of its mark; and Procris gave these presents to her husband. Cephalus was so happy in his wife that he resisted all the entreaties of Aurora, and she finally dismissed him in displeasure, saying: "Go, ungrateful mortal; keep your wife, whom, if I am not much mistaken, you will one day be sorry you ever saw again."

Cephalus returned, and was as happy as ever in his wife and his woodland sports. Now it happened some angry deity had sent a ravenous fox to annoy the country, and the hunters turned out in great strength to capture it. Their efforts were all in vain—no dog could run it down; and at last they came to Cephalus to borrow his famous dog, whose name was Lelaps. No sooner was the dog let loose than he darted off, quicker than their eye could follow him. If they had not seen his footprints in the sand they would have thought he flew. Cephalus and others stood on a hill and saw the race. The fox tried every art; he ran in a circle and turned on his track, the dog close upon him, with open jaws, snapping at his heels, but biting only the air. Cephalus was about to use his javelin, when suddenly he saw both dog and game stop instantly. The heavenly powers who had given both were not willing that either should conquer. In the very attitude of life and action they were turned into stone. So lifelike and natural did they look you would have thought, as you looked at them, that one was going to bark, the other to leap forward.

Cephalus, though he had lost his dog, still continued to take delight in the chase. He would go out at early morning, ranging the woods and hills unaccompanied by any one, needing no

help, for his javelin was a sure weapon in all cases. Fatigued with hunting, when the sun got high he would seek a shady nook where a cold stream flowed, and, stretched on the grass, with his garments thrown aside, would enjoy the breeze. Sometimes he would say aloud: "Come, sweet breeze; come and fan my breast, come and allay the heat that burns me." Some one passing by one day heard him talking in this way to the air, and, foolishly believing that he was talking to some maiden, went and told the secret to Procris, Cephalus's wife. Love is credulous. Procris, at the sudden shock, fainted away. Presently recovering, she said: "It cannot be true; I will not believe it unless I myself am a witness to it." So she waited, with an anxious heart, till the next morning, when Cephalus went to hunt as usual. Then she stole out after him, and concealed herself in the place where the informer directed her. Cephalus came as he was wont when tired with sport, and stretched himself on the green bank, saying: "Come, sweet breeze; come and fan me; you know how I love you! you make the groves and my solitary rambles delightful." He was running on in this way when he heard, or thought he heard, a sound as of a sob in the bushes. Supposing it some wild animal he threw his javelin at the spot. A cry from his beloved Procris told him that the weapon had too surely met its mark. He rushed to the place and found her bleeding, and with sinking strength endeavoring to draw forth from the wound the javelin, her own gift. Cephalus raised her from the earth, strove to stanch the blood, and called her to revive and not to leave him miserable, to reproach himself with her death. She opened her feeble eyes and forced herself to utter these few words: "I implore you, if you have ever loved me, if I have ever deserved kindness at your hands, my husband, grant me this last request; do not marry that odious Breeze!" This disclosed the whole mystery; but, alas! what advantage to disclose it now? She died; but her face wore a calm expression, and she looked pityingly and forgivingly on her husband when he made her understand the truth.

The love of Cephalus for Aurora probably had its origin in his love of the early morning for the chase. The dog was made by Vulcan, who gave it in the first instance to Jupiter, who gave it to Europa; thence it came into the possession of her son Minos, who gave it to Procris. The fox, whose name was Alopis, was probably a pirate who was pursued by Minos and his Cretans; both vessels being shipwrecked on some rocks of, perhaps, peculiar shape gave origin to the belief that both were turned into stone. The court of the Areopagus, having judged that Cephalus killed Procris from resentment, condemned him to perpetual banishment. He retired to the Island of Cephallenia which was named after him.

Moore, in his *Legendary Ballads*, has one on Cephalus and Procris, beginning thus:

"A hunter once in a grove reclined,
  To shun the noon's bright eye,
And oft he wooed the wandering wind
  To cool his brow with its sigh.
While mute lay even the wild bee's hum,
  Nor breath can stir the aspens hair,
His song was still, 'Sweet Air, O come!'
  While Echo answered, 'Come, sweet Air!' "

Chapter IV.

JUNO AND HER RIVALS, IO AND CALLISTO —DIANA AND ACTAEON—LATONA AND THE RUSTICS.

Juno one day perceived it suddenly grow dark, and immediately suspected that her husband had raised a cloud to hide some of his doings that would not bear the light. She brushed away the cloud and saw her husband, on the banks of a glassy river, with a beautiful heifer standing near him.

Juno suspected the heifer's form concealed some fair nymph of mortal mould—as was, indeed, the case; for it was Io, the daughter of the river god Inachus, whom Jupiter had been flirting with, and, when he became aware of the approach of his wife, had changed into that form.

Juno joined her husband, and, noticing the heifer, praised its beauty, and asked whose it was, and of what herd. Jupiter, to stop questions, replied that it was a fresh creation from the earth. Juno asked to have it as a gift. What could Jupiter do? He was loath to give his mistress to his wife; yet how refuse so trifling a present as a simple heifer? He could not without exciting suspicion; so he consented. The goddess was not yet relieved of her suspicions; so she delivered the heifer to Argus, to be strictly watched.

Now Argus had a hundred eyes in his head, and never went to sleep with more than two at a time, so that he kept watch of Io constantly. He suffered her to feed during the day, and at night tied her up with a vile rope round her neck. She would have stretched out her arms to implore freedom of Argus, but she had no arms to stretch out, and her voice was a bellow that frightened even herself. She saw her father and her sisters, went near them, and suffered them to pat her back, and heard them admire her beauty. Her father reached her a tuft of grass, and she licked the outstretched hand. She longed to make herself known to him, and would have uttered her wish; but, alas! words were wanting. At length she bethought herself of writing her name—it was a short one—with her hoof on the sand. Inachus recognized it, and discovering that his daughter, whom he had long sought in vain, was hidden under this disguise, mourned over her, and, embracing her white neck, exclaimed: "Alas! my daughter, it would have been a less grief to have lost you altogether!" While he thus lamented, Argus, observing, came and drove her away, and took his seat on a high bank, from whence he could see all round in every direction.

Jupiter was troubled at beholding the sufferings of his mistress, and calling Mercury told him to go and despatch Argus. Mercury made haste, put his winged slippers on his feet, and cap on his head, took his sleep-producing wand, and leaped down from the heavenly towers to the earth. There he laid aside his wings, and kept only his wand, with which he presented himself as a shepherd driving his flock. As he strolled on he blew upon his pipes. These were what are called the Syrinx or Pandean pipes. Argus listened with delight, for he had never seen the instrument before. "Young man," said he, "come and take a seat by me on this stone. There is no better place for your flock to graze in than hereabouts, and here is a pleasant shade, such as shepherds love." Mercury sat down, talked, and told stories till it grew late, and played upon his pipes his most soothing strains, hoping to lull the watchful eyes to sleep, but all in vain; for Argus still contrived to keep some of his eyes open, though he shut the rest.

Among other stories, Mercury told him how the instrument on which he played was invented. "There was a certain nymph, whose name was Syrinx, who was much beloved by the satyrs and spirits of the wood; but she would have none of them, but was a faithful worshipper of Diana, and followed the chase. You would have thought it was Diana herself, had you seen her in her hunting dress, only that her bow was of horn and Diana's of silver. One day, as she was returning from the chase, Pan met her, told her just this, and added more of the same sort. She ran away, without stopping to hear his compliments, and he pursued till she came to the bank of the river, where he overtook her, and she had only time to call for help on her

friends the water nymphs. They heard and consented. Pan threw his arms around what he supposed to be the form of the nymph, and found he embraced only a tuft of reeds! As he breathed a sigh the air sounded through the reeds and produced a plaintive melody. The god, charmed with the novelty, and with the sweetness of the music, said: 'Thus, then, at least, you shall be mine.' And he took some of the reeds, and placing them together, of unequal lengths, side by side, made an instrument which he called syrinx, in honor of the nymph." Before Mercury had finished his story he saw Argus's eyes all asleep. As his head nodded forward on his breast, Mercury with one stroke cut his neck through and tumbled his head down the rocks. O, hapless Argus! the light of your hundred eyes is quenched at once! Juno took them and put them as ornaments on the tail of her peacock, where they remain to this day.

The Egyptians worshipped nature under the name of Pan, and thence this myth was imported into Greece. There is a beautiful river in Arcadia, called the Ladon, which flows into the Alpheus, whose banks are covered with reeds. From these Pan made his pipe, or syrinx, which might naturally be called the daughter of the river.

But the vengeance of Juno was not yet satiated. She sent a gadfly to torment Io, who fled over the whole world from its pursuit. She swam through the Ionian Sea, which derived its name from her, then roamed over the plains of Illyria, ascended Mount Haemus, and crossed the Thracian strait, thence named the Bosphorus (oxford), rambled on through Scythia and the country of the Cimmerians, and arrived at last on the banks of the Nile. At length Jupiter interceded for her, and upon his promising not to pay her any more attentions Juno consented to restore her to her form. It was curious to see her gradually recover her former self. The coarse hairs fell from her body, her horns shrank up, her eyes grew narrower, her mouth shorter; hands and fingers came instead of hoofs to her fore-feet: in fine there was nothing left of the heifer except her beauty. At first she was afraid to speak for fear she should low, but gradually she recovered her confidence and was restored to her father and sisters.

The story of Io was probably of Egyptian origin, where she is confused with Isis. The Greek authors state that she married Apis or Osiris, who after became the divinity Serapis. Isis is always represented with cows' horns.

In a poem dedicated to Leigh Hunt, by Keats, the following allusion to the story of Pan and Syrinx occurs:

"So did he feel who pulled the boughs aside,
That we might look into a forest wide,

. . . . . .

Telling us how fair trembling Syrinx fled
Arcadian Pan, with such a fearful dread.
Poor nymph—poor Pan—how he did weep to find
Nought but a lovely sighing of the wind
Along the reedy stream; a half-heard strain,
Full of sweet desolation, balmy pain."

CALLISTO.

Callisto was another maiden who excited the jealousy of Juno, and the goddess changed her into a bear. "I will take away," said she, "that beauty with which you have captivated my husband." Down fell Callisto on her hands and knees; she tried to stretch out her arms in supplication—they were already beginning to be covered with black hair. Her hands grew rounded, became armed with crooked claws, and served for feet; her mouth, which Jove used to praise for its beauty, became a horrid pair of jaws; her voice, which if unchanged would have moved the heart to pity, became a growl, more fit to inspire terror. Yet her former disposition remained, and with continual groaning she bemoaned her, and stood upright as well as she could, lifting up

her paws to beg for mercy; and felt that Jove was unkind, though she could not tell him so. Ah, how often, afraid to stay in the woods all night alone, she wandered about the neighborhood of her former haunts; how often, frightened by the dogs, did she, so lately a huntress, fly in terror from the hunters! Often she fled from the wild beasts, forgetting that she was now a wild beast herself; and, bear as she was, was afraid of the bears.

One day a youth espied her as he was hunting. She saw him and recognized him as her own son, now grown a young man. She stopped and felt inclined to embrace him. As she was about to approach, he, alarmed, raised his hunting spear, and was on the point of transfixing her, when Jupiter, beholding, arrested the crime, and, snatching away both of them, placed them in the heavens as the Great and Little Bear.

Juno was in a rage to see her rival so set in honor, and hastened to ancient Tethys and Oceanus, the powers of ocean, and in answer to their inquiries, thus told the cause of her coming: "Do you ask why I, the queen of the gods, have left the heavenly plains and sought your depths. Learn that I am supplanted in heaven—my place is given to another. You will hardly believe me; but look when night darkens the world, and you shall see the two of whom I have so much reason to complain exalted to the heavens, in that part where the circle is the smallest, in the neighborhood of the pole. Why should any one hereafter tremble at the thought of offending Juno, when such rewards are the consequence of my displeasure! See what I have been able to effect! I forbade her to wear the human form—she is placed among the stars! So do my punishments result—such is the extent of my power! Better that she should have resumed her former shape, as I permitted Io to do. Perhaps he means to marry her and put me away! But you, my foster-parents, if you feel for me, and see with displeasure this unworthy treatment of me, show it, I beseech you, by forbidding this guilty couple from coming into your waters." The powers of the ocean assented, and consequently the two constellations of the Great and Little Bear move round and round in heaven, but never sink, as the other stars do, beneath the ocean.

Milton alludes to the fact that the constellation of the Bear never sets, when he says:

"Let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high, lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear," etc.

And Prometheus, in Lowell's poem, says:

"One after one the stars have risen and set,
Sparkling upon the hoar frost of my chain;
The Bear that prowled all night about the fold
Of the North-star hath shruken into his den,
Scared by the blithesome footsteps of the Dawn."

The last star in the tail of the Little Bear is the Pole-star, called also the Cynosure. Milton says:

"Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
While the landscape round it measures.
. . . . . .
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies
The Cynosure of neighboring eyes."

The reference here is both to the Pole-star as the guide of mariners, and to the magnetic attraction of the North. He calls it also the "Star of Arcady," because Callisto's boy was named Arcas, and they lived in Arcadia. In *Comus*, the brother, benighted in the woods, says:

"——Some gentle taper
Though a rush candle, from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long levelled rule of streaming light,
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady
Or Tyrian Cynosure."

DIANA AND ACTAEON.

Thus, in two instances, we have seen Juno's severity to her rivals; now let us learn how a virgin goddess punished an invader of her privacy.

It was midday, and the sun stood equally distant from either goal, when young Actaeon, son of King Cadmus, thus addressed the youths who with him were hunting the stag in the mountains:

"Friends, our nets and weapons are wet with the blood of our victims; we have had sport enough for one day, and tomorrow we can renew our labors. Now, while Phoebus parches the earth, let us put by our implements and indulge ourselves with rest."

There was a valley thickly enclosed with cypresses and pines, sacred to the huntress queen, Diana. In the extremity of the valley was a cave, not adorned with art, but nature had counterfeited art in its construction, for she had turned the arch of its roof with stones as delicately fitted as if by the hand of man. A fountain burst out from one side, whose open basin was bounded by a grassy rim. Here the goddess of the woods used to come when weary with hunting and lave her virgin limbs in the sparkling water.

One day, having repaired thither with her nymphs, she handed her javelin, her quiver, and her bow to one, her robe to another, while the third unbound the sandals from her feet. Then Crocale, the most skilful of them, arranged her hair, and Nephele, Hyale, and the rest drew water in capacious urns. While the goddess was thus employed in the labors of the toilet, behold Actaeon, having quitted his companions, and rambling without any especial object, came to the place, led thither by his destiny. As he presented himself at the entrance of the cave, the nymphs, seeing a man, screamed and rushed toward the goddess to hide her with their bodies. But she was taller than the rest and overtopped them all by a head. Such a color as tinges the clouds at sunset or at dawn came over the countenance of Diana, thus taken by surprise. Surrounded as she was by her nymphs, she yet turned half away, and sought with a sudden impulse for her arrows. As they were not at hand, she dashed the water into the face of the intruder, adding these words: "Now go and tell, if you can, that you have seen Diana unapparelled." Immediately a pair of branching stag's horns grew out of his head, his neck gained in length, his ears grew sharp-pointed, his hands became feet, his arms long legs, his body was covered with a hairy, spotted hide. Fear took the place of his former boldness, and the hero fled. He could not but admire his own speed; but when he saw his horns in the water, "Ah, wretched me!" he would have said, but no sound followed the effort. He groaned, and tears flowed down the face which had taken the place of his own. Yet his consciousness remained. What shall he do?—go home to seek the palace or lie hid in the woods? The latter he was afraid, the former he was ashamed to do. While he hesitated the dogs saw him. First Melampus, a Spartan dog, gave the signal with his bark, then Pamphagus, Dorceus, Lelaps, Theron, Nape, Tigris, and all the rest rushed after him, swifter than the wind. Over rocks and cliffs, through mountain gorges that seemed impracticable, he fled, and they followed. Where he had often chased the stag and cheered on his pack, his pack now chased him, cheered on by his huntsmen. He longed to cry out: "I am Actaeon: recognize your master!" but the words came not at his will. The air resounded with the bark of the dogs. Presently one fastened on his back, another seized his shoulder. While they held their master the rest of the pack came up and buried their teeth in his flesh. He groaned—not in a human voice, yet certainly not in a stag's—and

faling on his knees raised his eyes, and would have raised his arms in supplication if he had had them. His friends and fellow-huntsmen cheered on the dogs, and looked everywhere for Actaeon, calling on him to join the sport. At the sound of his name he turned his head, and heard them regret that he should be away. He earnestly wished he was. He would have been well pleased to see the exploits of his dogs, but to feel them was too much. They were all around him, rending and tearing; and it was not till they had torn his life out that the anger of Diana was satisfied.

Apollidorus tells us that Actaeon was brought up by Chiron, and that Mount Cithaeron was the place of his death. He says, too, that the dogs died of grief at the loss of their master.

In Shelley's poem *Adonais* is the following allusion to the story of Actaeon:

" 'Midst others of less note came one frail form,
A phantom among men: companionless
As the last cloud of expiring storm,
Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,
Had gazed on Natures naked loveliness,
Actaeon-like, and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness;
And his own Thoughts, along that rugged way,
Pursued like raging hounds their father and their prey." Stanza 31.

LATONA AND THE RUSTICS.

Some thought the goddess in this instance more severe than was just, while others praised her conduct as strictly consistent with her virgin dignity. As usual, the recent event brought older ones to mind, and one of the bystanders told this story: "Some countrymen of Lycia once insulted the goddess Latona, but not with impunity. When I was young my father, who had grown too old for active labors, sent me to Lycia to drive thence some choice oxen, and there I saw the very pond and marsh where the wonder happened. Near by stood an ancient altar, black with the smoke of sacrifice and almost buried among the reeds. I inquired whose altar it might be, whether of Faunus or the Naiades or some god of the neighboring mountain, and one of the country people replied: 'No mountain or river god possesses this altar, but she whom royal Juno in her jealousy drove from land to land, denying her any spot on earth whereon to rear her twins. Bearing in her arms the infant deities, Latona reached this land, weary with her burden and parched with thirst. By chance she espied in the bottom of the valley this pond of clear water, where the country people were at work gathering willows and osiers. The goddess approached, and, kneeling on the bank, would have slaked her thirst in the cool stream, but the rustics forbade her. 'Why do you refuse me water?' said she; 'water is free to all. Nature allows no one to claim as property the sunshine, the air, or the water. I come to take my share of the common blessing. Yet I ask it of you as a favor. I have no intention of washing my limbs in it, weary though they be, but only to quench my thirst. My mouth is so dry that I can hardly speak. A draught of water would be nectar to me; it would revive me, and I would owe myself indebted to you for life itself. Let these infants move your pity, who stretch out their little arms as if to plead for me;' and the children, as it happened, were stretching out their arms.

"Who would not have been moved with these gentle words of the goddess? But these clowns persisted in their rudeness; they even added jeers and threats of violence if she did not leave the place. Nor was this all. They waded into the pond and stirred up the mud with their feet, so as to make the water unfit to drink. Latona was so angry that she ceased to mind her thirst. She no longer supplicated the clowns, but lifting her hands to heaven, exclaimed: 'May they never quit that

pool, but pass their lives there!' And it came to pass accordingly. They now live in the water, sometimes totally submerged, then raising their heads above the surface or swimming upon it. Sometimes they come out upon the bank, but soon leap back again into the water. They still use their base voices in railing, and though they have the water all to themselves, are not ashamed to croak in the midst of it. Their voices are harsh, their throats bloated, their mouths have become stretched by constant railing, their necks have shrunk up and disappeared, and their heads are joined to their bodies. Their backs are green, their disproportioned bellies are white, and in short they are now frogs, and dwell in the slimy pool."

We are told by Probus *(Comm. Georg. II.)* that the name of the shepherd was Neocles, and the spring was called Mela. The whole story is probably only a commentary on the rude manners of the countrymen.

The persecution which Latona experienced from Juno is alluded to in the story. The tradition was that the future mother of Apollo and Diana, flying from the wrath of Juno, besought all the islands of the Aegean to afford her a place of rest, but all feared too much the potent queen of heaven to assist her rival. Delos alone consented to become the birthplace of the future deities. Delos was then a floating island; but when Latona arrived there Jupiter fastened it with adamantine chains to the bottom of the sea, that it might be a secure resting-place for his beloved. Byron alludes to Delos in his *Don Juan:*

"The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phoebus sprung!"

When Sorrow Strikes the Lyre

Mary Chapin Smith

When Sorrow strikes the lyre
All else is dumb;
Joy doffs her gay attire,
Sits cold and numb;
Crowned still with vine leaves red,
Swart Mirth, with drooping head,
Bows low among the dead;
No more the light may flash
Nor the wild cymbals clash;
Now Dance and Song have fled;
The Hour has come.

SOME HEROIC AND STRENUOUS RIDES WITH JEB STUART

COL. G. N. SAUSSY

Chapter VII.

STUART'S wonderful handling of the Stonewall Corps after the severe wounding of Jackson, fixed his fame. The whole South responded to the wonderful victory of Chancellorsville. The civilized world stood astounded at General Lee's tremendous audacity when the true story of that masterly strategy finally reached the various nations watching the mighty struggle in the American Republic.

Furloughs rejoined their commands. Recruits likewise hastened to augment the ranks of the Army of Northern Virginia and all arms of the service felt the reflex of the lustre that burnished the heroism of Lee's Army.

Stuart called to the division colors, brigades which were detached or in the rear recruiting, both men and beasts. By mid-spring the army was in excellent fettle. Stuart had massed at and near Brandy Hampton's, Fitz Lee's, Rooney Lee's, Jones' and Robertson's brigades. The army was alert and in expectation of an aggressive campaign. In this it was not disappointed. The world knows of Lee's audacious disregard of his formidable antagonist across "the misty Rappahannock" in the movement, first of Ewell's, then of Longstreet's corps from in front of Hooker to Culpepper Court House, leaving a gap of many miles between Hill's and the First and Second Corps. Hooker became suspicious; his spies had not given him accurate information of Lee's movement and he prepared for a demonstration in force.

Stuart ordered his five brigades of cavalry on inspection and review on the fifth of June and fully 7,500 troopers passed in review before their bronze bearded division commander. On June 7th General Lee arrived at Culpepper and again Stuart ordered his division out, out the 8th, for inspection by the great Virginian, and again between 7,000 and 8,000 gray horsemen saluted their great commander.

In compliment to General Lee, Stuart ordered a salute by the guns of his horse artillery. Only a few rounds were fired, when General Lee directed "cease firing," admonishing Stuart he would need the powder for more serious work.

Orders were issued for the cavalry division to move northward, and in execution of that movement Fitz Lee's brigade proceeded to Oak Shade. The few rounds fired by Stuart's artillery complimentary to General Lee, were heard across the river and stimulated Hooker's curiosity.

Never a brighter or more balmy day dawned over the hills, mountains and valleys of the Old Dominion than that which ushered in the 9th of June, 1863, and as Aurora threw her tri-colored banner athwart the eastern sky, John Buford plunged into the Rappahannock with the First Division of Pleasanton's Corps d'Armee of Federal horse, at Beverly's Ford, supported by Ames' Brigade of foot. A part of the Sixth Virginia Cavalry covered this ford. Buford's troopers dashed into and across the ford before the Virginians realized they were attacked. Still the pickets contested the ground. However, Buford surprised the Con-

federates and steadily pressed back the pickets toward St. James' Church, around and near which Jones' and Rooney Lee's brigades were in bivouac. Col. Davis led his Eighth New York and Eighth Illinois Cavalry straight for the Confederate encampment.

Major Flournoy, commanding the Sixth Virginia, gathered about one hundred of his men in great haste and threw them as a forlorn hope and drove the Federals back some distance. In this melee Col. Davis was killed.

With the exception of one battery of Stuart's Horse Artillery, which was with Fitz Lee's Brigade at Oak Shades, the other batteries were massed near St. James' Church and in the sudden irruption of Buford, were dangerously near capture.

Major Fournoy's heroic dash at the head of Buford's column was all that interposed between the horse artillery and the division of Federal cavalry. Hart hastily got two of his guns in the road and opened on the enemy, while the remainder of the battalion of artillery hastened to a position near St. James' Church. Gen. W. E. Jones brought up the Seventh Virginia Cavalry and charged to support Flournoy, but his regiment was repulsed and the Seventh forced back beyond Hart's two pieces. Hart slowly retired his guns, protecting his movement with copious discharges of canister.

While this opening of the battle was in operation, Hampton, who was in bivouac between Brandy and Stevensburg, quickly gathered four of his commands and moved north, guided by the sound of Hart's guns and quickly put his brigade in battle line, at the same time advancing his mounted skirmishers through the timber in the direction of the firing.

Soon after establishing his line of battle, Hampton learned by courier that General D. McM. Gregg, with the Second and Third Cavalry Divisions and Russell's Brigade of Infantry, had effected a crossing at Kelley's Ford and was approaching to attack the Confederate rear.

Before sending Hampton into action General Stuart had directed him to send one of his regiments to guard his rear. Butler was instructed to take his Second South Carolina to perform this service. Whickham's Fourth Virginia of Fitz Lee's brigade was likewise detailed for this service, while Robertson's brigade was ordered to support this movement, giving about fifteen hundred men for this important duty. Stuart was so intent in defending the position at St. James' Church when the courier advised the approach of Gregg, he would not credit the information, and not until Carter's one gun on Fleetwood Hill slowly boomed in his rear, did Stuart realize he was attacked front and rear.

Leaving Rooney Lee to look after Buford, he ordered Hampton's four commands and Harmon's Twelfth Virginia and White's Thirty-fifth Virginia Battalion to hastily left about and charge for the endangered point. Robertson's command did not come in contact with Gregg and the Second South Carolina and Fourth Virginia could offer but slight resistance to so heavy a mass as two divisions of Federal cavalry.

Hart "limbered up" and putting his battery teams at full gallop, kept up with the flank of Hampton's column and came into action just in time.

The column struck the head of Gregg's big force and back and forth over Fleetwood charging troopers cut and slashed each other until the big blue column staggered, then moved in the direction of Beverley's, where it rejoined Buford and at dusk returned to the north bank of the river.

The plan of attack was admirably conceived and the surprise of Stuart complete. Sunday Buford, with one division of horse and a brigade of foot, went to attack at the upper ford and

then engage Stuart's attention. Gregg, with two division of horse and Russell's brigade of foot, moved rapidly upon Stuart's rear. Only the superior fighting qualities of the Southern troopers redeemed the day.

Pleasanton's forces totaled three divisions of horse, consisting of twenty-four regiments and two brigades of foot of ten regiments, making 10,981 blue soldiers. On the Confederate side, fifteen regiments of cavalry—five of Hampton's, five of Jones', four of Rooney Lee's and one of Fitz Lee's regiments, in all about 6,000 men, were engaged. The artillery was about equal on each side. General Pleasanton left three guns of the Sixth New York battery, 486 prisoners and six standards and 450 killed and wounded.

Stuart's total loss was 523 officers and men, including Lt.-Col. Frank Hampton, mortally wounded, and Col. M. C. Butler, of Second South Carolina, with a leg off above the ankle.

Pleasanton came to tear away the cavalry curtain screening the movement of Lee's infantry. His movement was excellently planned and under the usual fate of battle, he ought to have won. A complete surprise and a great preponderance of troops should have decided the day in a victory of the blue soldiers. Only the splendid soldierly qualities of the Southern trooper turned the current in favor of the gray.

One of the brilliant features of the day was the gallant charge of Pierce Young's Cobb Georgia Legion up the slope of Fleetwood. From Major McClellan's "Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry," I borrow the narrative: "Colonel Young led this charge straight up Fleetwood Hill from the northeast. His regiment used the sabre only, and his movement was one of the finest which was executed on this day so full of brave deeds. Colonel Young says in his report: 'I immediately ordered the charge in close columns of squadrons and swept the hill clear of the enemy, he being scattered and entirely routed. I do claim this was the turning point of the day in this portion of the field, for in less than a minute's time the enemy's battery would have been upon the hill * * *'" and would then have commanded the situation.

To the above may be added the following, from Captain Hart's narrative: "I transcribe the following from Captain J. F. Hart's narrative, promising only that the charge he so graphically describes was made, as is clear from Hampton's report, by the First North Carolina and the Jeff Davis Legion: 'The battery I commanded moved abreast of Hampton's column in its gallop toward the new foe, and as we came near Fleetwood, its summit, as also the whole plateau east of the hill and beyond the railroad, was covered with Federal cavalry. Hampton's diverging toward his left, passed the eastern terminus of the ridge and crossing the railroad, struck the enemy in column just beyond it.

"This charge was as gallantly made and as gallantly met as any the writer ever witnessed during the nearly four years of active service on the outposts. Taking into estimation the number of men that crossed sabres in this single charge (being nearly a brigade on each side), it was the most important hand-to-hand contest between the cavalry and the two armies.

"'As the gray and blue riders mixed in the smoke and dust of that eventful charge, minutes seemed to elapse before its effect was determined. At last the intermixed and disorganized mass began to recede, and we saw the field had been won by the Confederates.'"

General Pleasanton reported the presence of Lee's infantry on the field of Brandy. This statement is a fiction. True, Longstreet was at Culpepper, only six miles away, and in easy supporting distance and could have been on the field in two hours. Stuart never thought the situation sufficiently dangerous to call up infantry assistance

and not an infantry soldier pulled a trigger in Brandy's Bloody Battle.

A Napoleonic maxim reads: "An army moves upon its stomach;" that is, rations are essential to the maintenance of the clan of an army.

Stuart's troopers, that 9th of June revised the "Little Corporal's" maxim, for Pleasanton's attack was so early and so sudden the troopers threw themselves into their saddles breakfastless, and all day long had much else to absorb their attention and activities than to worry over rations.

In Chapter VI, relating to Chancellorsville, the writer was not with Stuart, but on detached duty in the Valley. He was riding up the Valley Pike in company with the regimental quartermaster and distinctly heard the guns in action at Chancellorsville.

Peculiar must have been the atmospheric conditions that conveyed the sound of the firing clear over the lofty Blue Mountains for fully sixty miles, yet the sound of the cannonade was distinct and clear.

Unrevealed

Ralph M. Thomson

If I could tell what makes one rose more sweet
Than all the host of daisies at her feet;
Or, answer why the violet is first
The winter's whited chrysalis to burst;—
Could I reveal why lilies pure and fair
Gaze earthward rather than to heaven, where
The crimson splendor of each new born sun
Glads the blue skies he gently smiles upon;
Or, could I state why morning glories close
Their velvet portals when the daylight goes,—
Then, sweetheart, I might say, perhaps, I knew
And understood what is the YOU in—You!

NEW SOUTHERN INDUSTRIES

A GEORGIA SHIRT FACTORY

ALICE LOUISE LYTLE

THERE were several points to be covered in this series of articles, and the lack of sweat-shop methods in every one of the industries treated so far in the series is one of the most important factors to be reckoned with in the industrial development of the South.

Recent labor troubles in the North concentrated largely in shops where women and young girls were employed. That the operators were largely foreigners did not lessen the problem; it added to it. That the women and girls were over-worked and under-paid, and that their ignorance added largely in this being possible, was most noticeable.

As has been stated several times before, the absence of the foreign element has simplified matters greatly for the Southern manufacturer; while it has taken time to develop skill needed in the various branches of operative work, it has eliminated labor troubles to a great degree.

In the Georgia shirt factory under discussion in this article, the plant has been in operation for a number of years and its product has been shipped to the Northern markets as well as to the Southern field.

A man's shirt is, perhaps, the most important item of dress he has to reckon with; in the simple old days shirts were in two classes, those a man's mother or wife made and those the professional shirt-maker made. These latter were expensive affairs, to be used only for high class occasions and to be buried in.

That the average shirt-maker was paid a low wage is immortalized by Tom Hood in "The Song of the Shirt," and when it is recalled that all the sewing was done by hand, the lot of the shirt-maker was not a happy one, it may be conceded.

In the advance made along every line of industry, that of the sewer, in every branch of needlework has become simplified. Ten dozen needles work where one worked before, and the skillful operator who is paid by piece work is able to live comfortably the year round.

Women are able to understand the great skill needed to economically "cut out" by means of a pattern, but it has taken man to simplify even this seemingly homely art, and skillful cutters are among the high-priced artisans of all the trades wherein cloth plays a part. Economy, accuracy and speed are the three requisites, and the shirt cutter whose work we are to follow, is one of the most skillful in his line.

When the boxes of goods have been received from the mills, it will be seen that cloth of many grades and patterns has been designed for the shirts to be made. The office has "booked" the orders, and while the lay mind may not grasp the full significance of shirts with cuffs or with only bands, shirts that button all the way down or to be struggled in via the head; shirts with big neck bands or little, shirts with two buttons or five, all this is most important data for the cutter and his assistant.

Each pattern of cloth has been chosen for the specific shirt it is to evolve into, and the bolts are rolled onto a table about twenty feet long; the adjustment of the heavy card-board patterns is next in order, and the marking off is where the skill of the cutter shows; each bolt of cloth must produce so many complete parts of the shirts to be made, and

the cutting is done by an electrically-worked cutting machine which is composed of a pair of sharp knives working up and down through the many thicknesses of cloth.

Each batch of patterns is separated into sizes; boys bundle the parts together and they are carried to another room, where they are sorted and assigned to the operator. As in the overall factory, the division of labor is so perfectly adjusted as to enable each operator to work at the greatest speed, doing her one part so well as to become expert in the highest degree.

In this factory, the illustratons are evidence of the splendid, up-to-date equipment. All the machines were operated by electricity, and each one was equipped with the latest improvements.

Buttons were sewn on by machinery with an accuracy and speed no one could possibly attain by hand; button holes were made by a machine whose mechanism was so marvelous as to be worth many minutes study.

When the shirt has passed through the hands of several skilled young women, it is taken, after inspection, to the laundry, which is part of this plant's equipment.

THE BOLTS ARE ON A TABLE • • • AND THE MARKING OFF IS WHERE THE SKILL OF THE CUTTER SHOWS

Here the mechanical devices were also of the latest and most approved design, and the rapidity with which the garment was put through its final stages was wonderful to behold. After being subjected to many degrees of steam heat, rinsed, dried and starched, the expert ironers or pressers were ready to put the final touches on what would

eventually be a most desirable addition to any man's wardrobe.

It may be truthfully said the American man can excell at any trade he decides to adopt, and this is illustrated powerfully by the corps of young men pressers in this shirt factory. To prepare a garment for sale, to so arrange it that it will look as fresh when the buyer assumes possession of it as it was when it left the factory, requires skill —and a lot of pins.

The rapidity with which backs were folded, sleeves made snug, cuffs adjusted, "tails" secured and all made fast with a dozen or more pins, to finally receive the parting caress of a gas-heated smoothing iron was, perhaps, the most interesting part of the whole journey through the factory.

All the operators, men and women, were Americans; young, good looking, alive to the value and interest of their work, happy and satisfied—the plant would be a revelation to many whose ideas of shirt factories are gleaned from "strike" news.

The thousands of shirts turned out are a recognized standard in Southern and Northern markets; the ideal conditions under which the young women and men work; the high standard of refinement and good manners are strong contrasts to the Northern factories we read so much of.

Ideal ventilation and light, with steam heat when needed, perfect cleanliness in every department, is it any wonder employment is eagerly sought in this plant?

ALL THE MACHINES WERE OPERATED BY ELECTRICITY AND EQUIPPED WITH THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS

The product or output is of a class which any factory might be proud to claim, and it is pleasing to note that the Southern shirt factory at which we have taken this interesting view, has outgrown its home and will probably be housed in a commodious building of its own before the close of another year.

There are many reasons for its success: the splendid quality of its product enables it to compete directly with the long-established Northern markets; the native young women and men who are its operators have the skill, plus many desirable features which Northern factory operators lack, and the scale of wages is such as to enable the operators to live as befits American-born people.

That the South will develop more and more along the line of industries of the sort with which this series is dealing is accepted now by the Northern trade, and the success of those already in operation is too thoroughly established to permit of their being placed in the class of experiments.

As a manufacturing center, the South will claim her share, and Northern capital is readily recognizing and acknowledging the advantages which will make the glory of the South greater as the years pass.

SOME OF THE MOST SKILLED WORKERS, THE "FINISHERS" IN THE LAUNDRY

THE STORY OF SOME GREAT SENATORS

OLIVER DYER

V. The Whig National Convention of 1848. How Clay Was Defeated and Taylor Nominated.

THE next morning (June 7th) in Philadelphia, it was found that Pennsylvania's first choice was Clay, and her second Taylor; also, that Taylor was strong in the South and Southwest. It was evident that Clay's popularity was so great that, if the managers of his canvass evinced a high degree of skill, it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to defeat him. But Clay was unfortunate in his friends. They were enthusiastic and boastful, and felt so sure of success that they neglected the means of securing it. On the other hand, the leaders of the Taylor movement worked with strenuous energy and surpassing skill. Truman Smith took charge of the New England delegations. Thomas Butler King, assisted by a large number of trusty assistants, worked among the delegates from the South. Pennsylvania and Ohio were left in the hands of influential citizens of their own, who best knew how to work upon their delegates. Weed took especial charge of the New York delegation. In fact, every delegation was skillfully handled. As Ohio could not be brought into line for Taylor, her delegates were encouraged to stand by General Scott, under the belief that the Convention would finally fall back on him as a compromise candidate. Delegates from New York and other States, who felt that they were committed against Taylor, were encouraged to stand by Webster to the last. The younger delegates from all quarters of the Union were indoctrinated with the idea (heretofore mentioned) that if Clay should be elected President, *they* could not hope for political preferment, as he would bestow all his patronage upon his old friends with whom he had been affiliated for scores of years. The only way for *them* to gain anything by the triumph of the Whig party was to elect a President who had no fixed relations with anybody, so that everyone would have an equal chance. In this way, Clay's strength was insidiously undermined, while his friends were singing Clay songs and hurrahing over his anticipated triumph. Exhilarated by their own enthusiasm, they saw everything in the illusive light of unreflecting hope; inflated with arrogant confidence, they fatuously derided the monitions of prudence, and peremptorily rebuffed incitations to vigilance.

The Convention was organized on Wednesday, June 7th. John M. Morehead, of North Carolina, was elected permanent President of the Convention. This was thought to be a triumph for Clay, and made his friends feel still more sure of his nomination. The first day of the Convention was devoted to preliminary and routine work, but it was understood that the balloting for a candidate would be called on early on Thursday morning. It was arranged that in balloting, the roll of members would be called by States in their alphabetical order; the name of the chairman of a State delegation to be called first, and the names of his colleagues to follow in alphabetical order. On the surface, this appeared to be a matter of insignificant detail; but when it is remembered that, as there was no State of California or Colorado, Connecticut would come third on the list, and be the first

Northern State called, and that Truman Smith was chairman of the Connecticut delegation, the intelligent reader may be able to see that the manner of calling the roll was by no means an insignificant matter.

When the Convention assembled on Thursday morning, in the great hall of the old Chinese Museum, the friends of Clay hurried on the balloting, feeling sure that their favorite would lead the poll, and the most sanguine of them offered to bet that he would be nominated on the first ballot. But as the voting went on, a great silence fell on the vast concourse. Delegates who had been counted on for Clay, voted for Taylor, and others voted for Scott. The wily Truman Smith voted for Clay, and so did his five colleagues. The time had not come for him to show his hand. But New England gave Clay only 16 votes, while she gave Webster 21 and Taylor 6. New York gave Webster 1, John M. Clayton 1, Scott 5, and Clay 29. Pennsylvania gave Clay 12, Taylor 8, Scott 6. All this was a surprise to the friends of Clay, but Ohio fairly stunned them. She gave Clay but one vote. She also gave Taylor 1, and Judge McLean 1, and all the rest—20 of them—were given to Scott. As these developments went on, cries of "Treachery!" were heard in different parts of the hall, and the Clay men hissed some of the more prominent of the alleged traitors. Almost everybody had kept tally, but the official announcement of the vote was awaited with breathless eagerness. "Amid a silence that could be heard," as Haskell, of Tennessee, said, the secretary read the result: Webster 22, Scott 43, Clay 97, Taylor 111. Another ballot was called for, and after much delay it was taken. The Clay men had labored with their deserters, and hoped for a better result on the second ballot. But they were doomed to disappointment; when the vote was announced it was found that Webster had 22 votes, that Scott had gone up from 43 to 49, that Taylor had gone from 111 to 118, and that Clay had sunk from 97 to 86. Truman Smith and his five colleagues had again voted for Clay, and the staunchness of the Connecticut delegation gave a basis for hope to Clay's friends, who now moved an adjournment, lest Taylor should be nominated on a third ballot. The friends of Webster, and the Ohio delegation supported the motion to adjourn, and it was carried, amid great excitement.

During the interval, between the adjournment of the Convention and its reassembling the next morning, the friends of Clay exhibited lamentable lack of tact and judgment. Instead of trying to win back the deserters by proper appeals and arguments, they vehemently assailed them, and wounded their self-love by vituperative denunciation. Taylor's friends, on the other hand, talked only of the controlling interests of the Whig party and the welfare of the country. They didn't care particularly for any particular individual. All they wanted was a candidate with whom they could win, and thus benefit the country at large while promoting the welfare of the party. At any rate, every delegate had a right to his own opinion, and to vote for whomsoever he believed to be the best man to bear the Whig standard in the coming close and desperate fight. What they admired in a delegate, above all other qualities, was independence of thought and manliness in action.

Such talk was deliciously soothing to the delegates whom Clay's friends were anathematizing, and kept them securely in line for Taylor, for whom they would either vote directly, or help indirectly by voting for Webster or Scott. It did more; it made them partisans against Clay, and set some of them at work to bring their colleagues into coalescence with themselves.

When the Convention met on Friday morning the feeling of apprehension

and expectation was so intense that men spoke in hushed voices and walked on tiptoe. As soon as the preliminary routine could be got through with, a motion was made that the Convention proceed to a third ballot for a candidate for the Presidency. The motion was carried by a unanimous vote, but the "aye" was given in such suppressed tones that its effect was like that of the pianissimo of a grand orchestra. The roll call began and proceeded through the lists of delegates from Alabama and Arkansas in deep silence. Next came Connecticut, which, under the lead of Truman Smith, had voted solid for Clay on the two previous ballots. Rumors had circulated during the morning that Smith had gone over to Taylor, and now, when his name was called, the excitement, though subdued, was intense. Smith's smooth-shaven, pink and white face rises before me as I write, and it seems as though I could hear his voice as I heard it forty-one years ago, when, in answer to the call of his name, he responded in clear, penetrating tones: "Zachary Taylor." That vote sounded the knell of Henry Clay. The Taylor men had all got ready for this signal, and when it was given, they burst out with repeated cheers and nearly stampeded the Convention.

When the result of the ballot was announced, and it was known that General Taylor had received 133 votes and Henry Clay only 74, a scene of the stormiest confusion ensued. Some of the delegates cheered till they were exhausted. Others leaped upon seats and chairs and yelled themselves hoarse in trying to get a hearing. Horace Greely, who was wild for Clay, and General James Watson Webb, who was equally wild for Taylor, ran back and forth between the reporters' table and the platform, shouting and gesticulating like madmen; Webb, with his hat on the back of his head and his coat-tails flapping in the breeze which he occasioned, and Greely with the knot of his necktie under his left ear and the ends floating over his shoulder. Every one foresaw the result of the next ballot, and when it was taken, and General Taylor was declared nominated—(he getting 171 votes, and Clay only 32, while Scott's had run up to 63) the excitement was not increased, but had somewhat diminished.

As soon as the confusion had subsided, delegates all through the hall began to vociferate charges of treachery. The Ohio delgation was exceedingly bitter and exasperated. It had given Taylor and Clay only one vote apiece, and after the first ballot had plumped 21 votes for Scott, every time, under the lure that he was the "dark horse" of the convention, who would eventually win the race. But now they saw that they had been hoodwinked, and were furious at the discovery. Several of them made violent speeches, and swore, with uplifted hand, that, so help them God, they would go home and do all they could to defeat the nomination. Delegates from Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts did likewise. At first, these demonstrations were received by the victors with derisive laughter. But after a while it became apparent that the disaffection was no laughing matter. Pennsylvania and New York delgates began to join in the clamors of indignation. The Taylor men became alarmed and sought to placate their irate opponents. But their efforts at pacification were futile.

In the midst of the turmoil a motion was made to proceed to the nomination of a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. The motion was declared carried, and delegates were requested to name their candidates. This brought the Convention to order. Hurried consultations were held by the Taylor men, who hoped to conciliate the disaffected delegates by giving them a candidate for Vice-President who should be a man

after their own hearts. It had been arranged that Abbot Lawrence, of Massachusetts, should be the candidate for Vice President, and it was understood that if he got the nomination he would contribute one hundred thousand dollars to the campaign fund. But the impassioned indignation of the anti-slavery portion of the Convention at the nomination of Taylor, so alarmed the general's supporters, that they did not dare to carry out that arrangement. It was seen that something very decided must be done to pacificate the anti-slavery disaffection, or there would be a fatal bolt. Abbot Lawrence was not enough of an abolitionist to satisfy the disaffected ones. Who would satisfy them? was the question. Of all the names mentioned for the Vice-Presidency, that of Millard Fillmore, who was an anti-slavery man of pronounced type, had most promise in it. Just at the right moment, Mr. Morril, one of Fillmore's friends from western New York, leaped upon a bench and cried: "Give us Millard Fillmore, and we promise you the vote of New York!"

This declaration was received with cheers, and Fillmore was nominated. And so a ticket was provided which it was supposed could walk over the country from East to West, with its pro-slavery foot in the South and its anti-slavery foot in the North, without danger that either foot would get mired. But the Convention adjourned amidst an atmosphere of despondency and gloom. The bitterness of the Clay men was so intense that they threatened the ticket with defeat and the hopes of the Whig party with annihilation. A premonition of coming defeat seemed to weigh upon the spirits of the delegates. In the evening, after the adjournment of the Convention, I was in the office of the Philadelphia *North American*, writing out my report. The Hon. Morton McMichael, the editor of the *North American* (who was a gentleman of much social influence and great political sagacity), was talking over the situation with several delegates (Taylor men) from the Southwest, when who should come tramping into the office, carpet bag in hand, but Horace Greeley. On seeing who were present, Greeley scowled upon them, turned around, and started for the door.

"Where are you going, Mr. Greeley?" McMichael courteously asked.

"I'm going home," snarled Greeley.

"But there's no train tonight," McMichael suggested.

"I don't want any train," Greeley snapped out; "I'm going across New Jersey, afoot and alone!" And away he went.

As I withdrew my gaze from Greeley's retreating form, it fell upon a dark young man of small stature, with a large and fine head, who was standing at the foot of the table at which I sat. He had been watching Greely, and his countenance was convulsed with scorn and detestation, somewhat relieved by a sinister gleam of triumph. He soon left the office, and I said to McMichael, "How that man hates Greeley! Who is he?"

"I thought you knew him," McMichael answered. "He is a fellow-townsman of yours. He is Henry J. Raymond, the *reasoning* editor of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*. Greeley will never forgive him and Colonel Webb for the part they played in the defeat of Clay."

Greeley did not forgive them; and there were many things for which they didn't forgive Greeley; and the personal animosities of those three eminent journalists helped to kill the Whig party, which gave its last national gasp four years afterwards, in 1852.

On the evening of the day after the adjournment of the Convention, the Whigs of Philadelphia, who were nearly all idolatrous worshipers of Clay, held a "Grand Mass Meeting" at the Musical Fund Hall, to ratify the nominations. I was present to report the

proceedings for the *North American.* The meeting was not at all "Grand"; it was the most lugubrious political festivity at which I ever assisted. Hardly anything was heard from the speakers but jeremiads over Clay. The address of Mayor Swift, who presided over the meeting, was almost entirely devoted to expressions of grief on Clay's behalf. He was so overcome by his feelings that he spoke with whimsical incoherency. After a time he put his right foot upon the seat of a chair before him, leaned his elbow upon his knee, dropped his face in his hand, and sobbed aloud. He stood in this position till the audience grew nervous. On recovering somewhat from his emotion, he said—still keeping his attitude, with his face in his hand:

"Permit me, my friends, while bowing to the decrees of fate and the decisions of the Convention, to keep one little corner of my heart green in friendship for him whom I hoped to have for a leader in this campaign—one little green spot on which I can rear a monument to his memory which shall reach to the clouds, and whose summit I can water with my tears as I kneel in sorrow at its base."

"For God's sake, Dyer, take care of the old man's rhetoric!" whispered McMichael, who sat immediately behind me. I suppose the gifted editor did not see how the good old man, while kneeling at the base of a monument that reached the clouds, could at the same time water its summit with his tears.

The character of this "Grand Ratification Meeting" indicates what the state of affairs was in the Whig city of Philadelphia, where the Convention was held. When the work of the campaign was begun, it soon became evident that the ticket was not popular anywhere in the North, East or West. The repugnance of the anti-slavery Whigs to Taylor, could not be overcome; the indignation of the friends of Clay could not be appeased. The widespread disaffection gave great momentum to the Free-soil movement, which grew so rapidly the Whig leaders saw that their only hope of success lay in getting the Barnburners to take the lead of the movement and bring Van Buren into the field as its candidate. The Barnburners held a Convention at Utica and nominated Van Buren, but he peremptorily declined the honor. His declination was a severe disappointment to the Barnburners, and left them all at sea; but it did not disappoint or discourage Seward and Weed. They knew Martin Van Buren through and through, and believed that if the opportunity to avenge himself upon Cass and the Southern Democrats were offered to him, under circumstances which he considered worthy of his own position and dignity, he would embrace it, beyond all peradventure.

VI. Martin Van Buren.

Martin Van Buren was a greater and a better man than his countrymen have ever supposed him to have been. Superiority was stamped upon every lineament of his countenance. I met him and Clay on the same evening, at a Wistar party (so called after Dr. Wistar), in Philadelphia, in March, 1848. The opportunity thus presented for studying, comparing and contrasting those two men was inexpressibly gratifying to me. I was a student of phrenology, and I brought all my knowledge of that subject into play on that occasion. It was the first time I had seen Van Buren; Clay I had met before. Being of Whig lineage, I had from boyhood been taught to distrust and dislike Van Buren and to believe in and admire Clay. The first thing which struck me, as I studied the two men, was Van Buren's evident superiority in intellectual power. This was a disappointment, and almost a shock to me. I could not bear to think that this "tricky Democrat" could be in any

wise superior to "glorious Harry of the West." On further study of the men, I was comforted by the conviction that Clay possessed the more eagle-like qualities, and that in public debate and personal intellectual encounters Van Buren would be no match for him. But I could not divest myself of the impression that in a contest carried on in writing, where personal magnetism and oratorical powers could not be brought into play, Clay would be no match for Van Buren. Clay's manner was the more instantaneously captivating; but as the minutes glided by, Van Buren constantly won upon the favor of the company, and before he took his leave he had gained a powerful hold upon their respect and admiration. To me, his conversation, his gracefulness, his elegance, his perfect equipoise, his exquisite courtesy, his intellectual grip on every subject he touched, were a revelation that filled me with wonder and delight.

I afterwards studied up Van Buren's history and made as thorough an analysis of his character as my opportunities permitted. Phrenologically speaking, his affectional and propelling organs were markedly developed. Love of home and family and friends was strong in him. His combativeness, destructiveness, caution and secretiveness were all very large. This gave him great energy and industry, with perfect mental and emotional equipoise and absolute self-possession under all circumstances. His firmness, self-esteem, approbativeness and hope were large, giving him dignity and courtesy of demeanor, strength of purpose and elasticity of spirits. He was never long despondent under adversity. His moral organs were well developed, but his spiritual or religious faculties were weak; and hence, while he was distinguished for uprightness of character and purity of life, he was devoid of enthusiasm and destitute of emotional fervor. His intellectual faculties were massive and active. His brain was large in every way—rather too large for his body. His organ of language, though fairly developed, was not large; and this defect, enhanced by his lack of warmth and enthusiasm, prevented him from taking high rank as an orator. But he was a clear and powerful reasoner, and was adroit in presenting his cause with all its strong points foremost.

Under his placid demeanor, Van Buren could cherish a vehement desire to inflict what theologians call "punitive justice," on his foes, and was capable of pursuing a purpose with tenacious determination when his feelings were deeply enlisted in his own behalf. He was proud and sensitive; and his pride and sensibility had been deeply wounded by his treatment by the Democratic party, and especially by what he believed to be the deliberate treachery of General Cass. He was naturally on the side of Free-soil. He was in favor of the Wilmot Proviso. He had long chafed under the lead of Southern statesmen, to which his affiliations with the Democratic party had compelled him to submit.

How aggravating that Southern lead was to high-minded Northern statesmen, it is impossible for people of this generation to imagine. All that the South had to do to concentrate its entire influence against a Northern man was to whisper that he was hostile to slavery. If he wavered a single jot or tittle in his allegiance to the "peculiar institution," he was at once ostracised. These tactics were brought into play early in the history of our government. Webster, in his reply to Hayne, away back in 1830, pointedly alluded to this practice. "I know full well," he said, "that it is, and has been, the settled policy of some persons in the South, for years, to represent the people of the North as disposed to interfere with them in their own exclusive and peculiar concerns. This is a delicate and

sensitive point in Southern feeling; and of late years it has always been touched, and generally with effect, whenever the object has been to unite the whole South against Northern men and Northern measures. This feeling, always carefully kept alive, and maintained at too intense a heat to admit discrimination or reflection, is a lever of great power in our political machine."

The South did not attempt any disguise or concealment in this matter. Southern leaders made no secret of their tyrannical insistence. On the contrary, they gloried in it; and doubtless, such of their descendants as shall read this narrative, will indulge in smiles of grim satisfaction and pride, on being reminded how, by means of such speedy and invincible concentration of Southern sentiment, their honored and beloved predecessors always compelled their Northern allies to lick the dust of humiliation.

In addition to other reasons, the implacable hatred of Van Buren by John C. Calhoun and his friends (which will be accounted for when we come to the delineation of Calhoun's character), had helped to make "New York's favorite son" feel his galling yoke of political servitude in all its bitterness. And now, the Democratic party, under the lead of the South, had insultingly cast him aside, and given its leadership to the man who had so cruelly betrayed him. Van Buren was in the 66th year of his age, and could not hope for any future political preferment. But he could throw off his political chains and strike an avenging and deadly blow at the false friend who had betrayed him, and at the party which had humiliated him. Was it in human nature for "a frail human brother"—to speak after the manner of good men—to forego such an opportunity for vengeance? Seward and Weed knew it was not; they understood the passions which were seething in Van Buren's soul, and took steps to utilize them for the defeat of Cass and the election of Taylor. They unobtrusively formed an alliance with Benjamin F. Butler, a distinguished lawyer in the city of New York, who was a leader in the Democratic party, and Van Buren's most intimate and trusted friend. Butler had been a pet and protege of Van Buren's from his boyhood. He studied law in Van Buren's office at Kinderhook, and became his law partner at the age of twenty-two. During the last year of Van Buren's presidency, Butler was his acting Secretary of War; and from the day that Van Buren left the White House, on March 4th, 1841, Butler had been devoted to him both politically and personally. He keenly felt what he believed to be the wrongs of his beloved chief, and burned to avenge them upon his foes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOME REMINISENCES FROM MEN ON THE FIRING LINE

A Narrow Escape From Death—An Old War Story of the Sixties

I WAS serving a church in Columbia County, Georgia, five years ago, I would go home with a certain brother every now and then, and he had living with him a son-in-law older than himself. This son-in-law was a Confederate soldier and sometimes he and I would be on the front veranda together and I would ask him to tell me some war stories. He said all right, and this is one of the stories:

He said in one of the great battles in Virginia (I forget the name of the battle) the bullets were flying in the air thick and fast and grape-shot and cannon balls were cutting down trees and tearing up the earth. At this stage of the terrible conflict between the two great armies he was ordered to General John B. Gordon's quarters, and when he arrived there a written message was ready for him to carry across the battle field to another commanding officer on horseback, with orders to make all possible speed and not to spare horseflesh nor lose a minutes' time. He mounted the horse, which was a fine war charger. When he was well seated in the saddle and the very important message in his pocket, as the faithful rider and the strong and mighty horse were almost flying across one side of the bloody battle field just before the sun had crossed the horizon in the west, the faithful charger and swift runner received a Minnie ball through his heart, the same ball passing through the left knee of the rider; the horse fell. The horse lay dead on the ground and the rider's right leg was under the horse and he could not get it out; the battle raged; the sun went down and dark came on and then the battle ceased; cannons quit belching forth missels of death, the muskets hushed and all was silent except the human cries for help and human groans for relief from pain and misery. Death relieved hundreds. The soldier messenger lay all that Sunday night with that dead horse on his right leg and his left knee shot through. He called to his wounded neighbors and they would call to him. He would say to them, "Come here," and they would say to him, "We can't; you come to us and help us." He would reply to them, "I cannot come to you." Lying and dying all over the battle field, human beings lay calling to each other for help and could not go to each other's relief. Away in the night while the stars were shining bright, he said all human voices hushed, stilled in death; they could no longer answer his calls for help.

And then the sun rose. He cried for help, but no one came to relieve him. He became faint and sick from loss of blood, from pain and suffering and he gave up to die. He said as he thought and then bidding adieu to all earthly objects and tangible things of time, he fell asleep. After awhile he awoke. He did not know how long he had slept and as he was still alive he decided to make one more call, so he mustered all his strength and called once more for human aid. It was now Monday. He did not know what time of the day, and there came to his ears far away in the distance the sound of human voices. He heard human beings approaching and he soon realized it was not a dream, for there standing on the other side of the horse were two Virginia ladies. He said they looked like two angels of mercy; they had come to bring him relief. They said, "What will you have us to do for you? We heard your cry for help and we have come to help

you." And they went to work with all their might and succeeded in getting the horse off his broken leg. Said he, "They sat me up against the horse; one of the ladies ran to a spring near by and brought some water in a dipper; the other lady took a flask of brandy out of her pocket and put some of it in the water and one of them held my head up while the other one gave me the best water I ever drank in my life; I began to revive and they worked with me, kept giving me water and brandy until by sundown Monday evening they managed to get me to their home near by. They nursed, doctored, dressed my wound, fed and clothed me for six weeks or more before I could be any help to them or even walk much. I helped them all I could about the home —cut wood, brought water from the spring, attended to the cows and hogs till I was entirely well. And I never shall forget the day I left their house in Virginia (of course they kept me concealed while any part of the army remained in that community); they did not want me to go away; they said I belonged to them, and I did hate to leave the ladies, they had been so kind and good to me. When the day came that they agreed for me to go back to my command, I took leave of my friends and walked through the country as best I could, being fearful all the time of being picked up by the enemy, until I found my comrades and command. They looked at me with wonder and surprise. They said, 'Why, you are dead.' I said, 'No, I am alive;' they said, 'You were put down for dead;' I said, 'I was nearly dead, but now I am alive and ready for duty.'"

A. J. Lazenby.

"Independent" Action of Three Musketeers

But let us go back to the early summer time of 1864, and catch the connecting links of the very little incident of myself, Randall Strozier and Dave Lamb, while carrying on an actual engagement with the enemy without orders at the old Archer house, near Petersburg, Va. In this old farm house was stationed a signal corps, whose duty it was to transmit messages by means of the waving of flags and looking through teelscopes at another flag station far away, on some hill along other parts of the military lines. This signal corps had a few muskets for their own protection, and we three mischievous fellows borrowed the guns and soon got up a fusilade of firing on some of the Federal soldiers we could see away out about 900 yards across the Appomattox river, which was just below a steep bluff just in front of us, and while we were making the dust fly up very near them and enjoying the sport of trying to slay them, another one of our men, who didn't relish such an improvised battle as we were carrying on because we actually drew a return of firing from the enemy, which was an unusual thing. So this other comrade ran and told our captain what we fellows were doing and he immediately had each one of us placed on "double duty," that is, to get a pick and shovel and go to building new breastwork, which was already being carried on near by.

And now to show the utter recklessness of the writer, a few days after this occurrence he and another one of our men, whose name was Giles, ascended the steep bluff in front of our works to where our infantry had their picket line. We borrowed a couple of Enfield rifles and were supplied with about 160 rounds of cartridges. We shouldered the muskets, went back to our old breast-works, which had already been vacated by our artillery, and there we engaged anew with the enemy out across the river, wherever we could espy one of them to shoot at; and they in turn were shooting at Giles and myself. I shot at one old "Yank" who was prostrate under an apple tree,

seemingly asleep. At last, after discharging about eight or ten rounds of cartridges at him he suddenly arose and ran off as though he might have been slightly wounded. And on this very occasion, while looking over the old breast-works to find another human target to practice our marksmanship upon, a minnie ball from their men came right in line with my head, but a large clod of dirt was struck and shattered into fragments just about three feet in front of my own cranium, which we have ever since believed was the sole cause of an escape from being killed. In that reckless and unauthorized encounter with the Federal soldiers who, previous to that time, were not molesting us in the least, though we were at times in plain view of each other, about a thousand yards apart.

But now where was our captain during all this time of two or three hours that we spent in such reckless sport? We do not know; but verily believe he was somewhere looking at us and possibly wishing that we might exterminate all those "Yanks" over there, with or without any orders from him. We simply surmise this view of the case.

Just in the rear of the old Archer house one dark night our captain, John T. Wingfield, the writer and several others of our company, were sleeping in the luxuriant grass under the boughs of a large apricot tree. When the enemy commenced firing in rapid succession at the old house about thirty feet from us, and strange to say, it seemed every shot penetrated the old building and passed on over our prostrate forms. Then our captain ordered every one of us to the guns on the lines, some fifty yards in front of us, and they all obeyed orders except me. I was so drowsy with sleep I concluded to sleep on. But it was not a great while before another bomb shell came through the frame of the old house and burst with a loud report just over my head in the top of the apricot tree, and bless your sweet life I didn't need any more orders to get away from that perilous position.

J. D. Heard.

Another of the Guests at Comrade Cox's "Bone Party"

I was in Camp Douglas in '64, when Comrade P. E. Cox served those stewed bones, and they tasted good. In fact, I used to go bone-hunting on my own account and when I found some I used to put them on end and let the marrow drip out in my plate and sop my poor little piece of bread in it. I was so hungry I could have eaten anything at that time.

As to "Old Morgan," which Comrade Rosamond tells about: I knew him, too. At first he was only about three feet high and six feet long, but he grew so popular the Yanks had to make a bigger one to fill the demand. The new one was sixteen feet long, with six legs; to make it easier for us to mount him, the guards nailed slats across his legs and when we got up on him we could see all over Lake Michigan.

One day my bunk-mate disobeyed some orders and he was told to mount Old Morgan; he told the guard he needed some spurs and the guard told him he would fix him some, so he tied two pieces of rock on my bunk-mate's heels and told him to ride. After the guard had left my mate asked me to help him out of the trouble and we changed clothes, and I told my mate to get in bed and cover up to his ears while I rode Old Morgan for a while.

Another way they had of punishing us at Camp Douglas was to take a salt barrel, knock the head out and saw a hole in the bottom, just big enough for a man's head to get through, then we had to walk with the barrel on us that way and a piece of paper was on the outside of the barrel, telling what we were being punished for. We certainly had some stirring times at old Camp Douglas.

J. T. Smith.

Huntington, Tenn.

Sun-Rising in the Trenches at Petersburg, 1864

The passage of the "long bridge," from Washington to Alexandria, in May, 1861, by armed men to coerce the seceding states was as a firebrand thrown amongst stubble fully dry; the flames spread, waved and licked the skies; men, old and young, women and children joined in the wild cry: "Expel the invaders!" Soldiers poured into Richmond from the South like an avalanche; the enthusiasm was unbounded. Soon the arsenal was depleted of arms, some of these were flint-lock muskets, relics of the Revolution that gave birth to the United States of America.

The men to whom the flint-locks were issued murmured and refused to go forward; the discontent strengthened and grew apace; the Confederate authorities were alarmed; something must be done to assuage the dissatisfied.

The Hon. Henry A. Wise was in the city and he offered to address the recalcitrants. A multitude of people, including the grumblers, assembled in front of the Spotswood hotel to hear him. About 8 o'clock, a pleasant star-lit night, the orator stepped out from the parlor of the hotel and stood upon the balcony: his personal appearance was of a composite order—a blend of Patrick Henry, Andrew Jackson, John C. Calhoun and Henry Clay; with these pigments an artist might limn his portrait.

He stood silent for a moment; a frown was on his face—like a cloud portending a storm—then, sweeping his glance right and left over the surging throng, his eyes flashed lightning: "Whence these sullen murmurs? The cry is gone round about the borders of Moab; the howling thereof unto Englain!" (A pause.)

"And wilt thou thus desert the Trojan field?

"Speak it in whispers, lest a Greek should hear!"

(Then he stretched out his hands and looking upward, in a stentorian voice, thus apostrophised):

"Spirits of the heroes of King's Mountain and Cowpens! Shades of Sumter, Moultrie, Pickens, Marion—immortals!—rise from your graves and chide your wavering sons!

"Soldiers of the Southland 'Quit yourselves like men and fight!' Be brave! 'On valor's side the odds of combat lies!' Advance upon the foe; lacking better weapons, with brick-bats and gate hinges 'we'll meet them dareful, beard to beard, and beat them backward home!'"

Then from the surging crowd a wild roar burst out that shook the solid earth, confused the air, and jarred the deep-echoing skies.

Thus the "Rebel Yell" was hatched—"that listening still we seem to hear." Henry A. Wise, sometime governor of Virginia and valiant brigadier, had been a Union man from the dawn of his manhood till the secession of Virginia. He was opposed to secession; "the South made the Union, and the flag is *ours;* we'll stand our ground and fight for our rights under the flag, and in the Union," thus he spoke.

But when the die was cast, without halt or hesitation, "the aged hero came forth, his gray hair glittering in the beam," and fought the enemy to the finish, grounding his arms only on the last day, when ordered to do so by his commanding general.

He recruited and organized a brigade which was known as "The Wise Legion," and it made history.

Wise's brigade (winter of 1864) occupied the trenches before Petersburg, its right wing touching our left (Malone's Division) at "Rives' Salient," its left extending towards the Blandfort heights, where now is the "Crater." On a day when there was a truce the men stood idly by the works—some were cooking, a favorite pastime with the Johnnies when they had anything to cook; General Wise came down and

made a tour of his line, accompanied by his two daughters--"beautiful as Mount Carmel at sun-rising;" "like two stars beaming in the sky at twilight; fearless souls looked forth from their bright eyes,"—they inherited the spirit of their brave sire, who would have throttled the devil had he popped out of a bomb-proof.

Three of the soldiers were watching a frying pan, in which they were cooking a mess over a stick fire; they looked up in amazement at the ladies: these poor men thought that they had been killed and now were in heaven amidst the angels. When the visitors had passed out of easy voice range, one of the frying pan fellows, bolder than the rest, exclaimed: "Them's darned snipshus galls, I be dorged ef thee ain't!"

If those ladies still live, and we hope they do, we beg that they will not blush because of the rude, but honest, compliment made them by poor Johnny; his bones are now mouldering in the trenches of Petersburg, and did those good women know where they lie, with their own loyal hands they would plant daisies and amaraths there:

"We would give you some violets, but they withered all when our father died."

CHAS. RICHARDSON,
Willis Hill, Va.

The Young Heart's Dreams

Stokeley S. Fisher

Oh dreams, dreams!—welcomed prophets of the real
Foreshadowing visions of the heart's ideal
And perfect love wherein the substance seems
Of happiness and all good which redeems
The world! love, marriage bond of spirits leal—

The souls of diverse tones attuned to feel
In unison, and be each other's weal,
Life in one harmony linking all its themes!—
Oh dreams, dreams!

Oh when they perish, with what piteous zeal
We strive the mocking skeletons to conceal
In dear, old keepsake garments where still gleams
The faded gold! And still, where ghost-like beams,
We look for them, we stretch hands of appeal!—
Oh dreams, dreams!

SOUVENIRS OF SOME CONTINENTS

MIKALL SKOBELEFF

The Emperor and His Marshal

PERHAPS in all history there is no episode so barren of touches of nature as was the Second Empire. From first to last it was a mere scaffolding of meretricious artificiality. There was the sham Cæsar, a flaccid person with a knack of uttering obscurities conveying a vague flavor or ominousness at which the nations pricked their sensitive ears. The inner life of the Empire was a strange mixture of rottenness and gimcrackery. What a court! The atmosphere of Compiegne had a confused aroma of bastardy, the demi monde, the bourse, bogus nobility, journalism in the degradation of prostitution, militarism half bravo, half *gallant;* of intrigue, of dissoluteness, of insincerity, of ghastly hollowness. It is among the most humiliating problems of modern times how long this nasty gaudy caricature of Empire was able to impose on the world. It is a poor consolation for the world's long self-delusion that when the windbag was once resolutely pricked, it should have collapsed with such headlong swiftness. The humiliating memory cannot blot out that eighteen-year-long imposition.

Almost in vain does one range through the record of the Empire in quest of but a glimmer of naturalness. There is a boy in the story, it is true, and surely, hopes the inquirer, some trait of nature is to be recognized in connection with him. But no; he was a buckram boy from his swaddling-clothes, poor little toy and tool of sham Imperialism, down to the "baptism of fire." No trace is discernible of him as a boy in the fashion of other boys; he is ever found a mere padded clothes-horse, or rather clothes-pony. Now attired in the cumbrous uniform of the Compiegne hunt, with a *couteau de chasse* and a huge hunting-horn hung about the poor melancholy little chap; now bedight in military garb, with a puny bit of a sword dangling about his shins, and his gloved hand raised in the frequent formal salute. The boy of the Second Empire is perhaps the most melancholy figure in its story, because we are fain to expect some human nature of boyhood, and the boyhood of this unfortunate child was as unreal as was the fantasy of which it was a victim.

It is an old story now, you will say, this Second Empire; and why recall the half-somber, half-ludicrous memory? I do not know that I have a valid excuse. Not many have had such stimulus of personal interest in the successive catastrophes of the late Napoleons as that which the chances of my profession have brought to me. I have seen Napoleon III. at the pinnacle of his hollow splendor. From the German picket-line on the 2d August, 1870, I heard the distant cheering on the Spicherenberg that greeted him and the lad whom he had brought from Metz to receive that day his "baptism of fire." Again I saw him on the morning after Sedan, as the broken man—broken in power, in prestige, in health, in spirits—sat with Bismarck on the grass-plot in front of the weaver's cottage on the Donchery road. Next morning I witnessed his departure into his Wilhelmshohe captivity. I have seen him doddering about Brighton and strolling under the beech trees that encircle Chislehurst Common. And for the last time of all I saw that stolid careworn face, as it lay on the raised pillow of the bier in the broad corridor of Camden Place; and when the face was no more visible I witnessed the coffin laid down in the little chapel among the

Chislehurst elm-trees. I knew the boy of the Empire when the shackles of the Empire had fallen from his limbs, and he was no longer a buckram creature, but a lively natural lad. My acquaintance endured into his manhood. When the twilight was falling on the rolling veldt of Zululand, and his day's work in the staff tent was done, he liked, as it seemed to me, to gossip with one who knew the other side of the picture about the early days of the Franco-German war—a war that had wrought at once his ruin and his emancipation. And finally, poor gallant lad! I saw dimly through tears the very last of him, as he lay there dead on the blood-stained sward by the Ityotyosi River, with a calm, proud smile on his face, and his body pierced by countless assegai-stabs. Men have called his death ignoble. Petty as was the quarrel, wretched as was the desertion that wrought his fate, I call him, rather, happy in the opportunity of his death. Had he lived, what of artificiality, what of hollow unreality might there not have been in store for him! As it was, he had moved in the world a live ghost. Better than this, surely, to be a dead hero—to end the Napoleonic serio-comedy with his young face gallantly to his assailants, and his life-blood drawn by the cold steel!

Poor Prince Louis' life was fragrant with naturalness from the time that the fall of the Empire emancipated it; but before then it was among the most artificial of the Imperial phenomena. Nevertheless it mingles itself almost accidentally in the sole episode of the story of the Empire in which I have been able to detect anything of natural beauty and tenderness. Perhaps it is because I am an old soldier that there has come to me the recognition of a certain pathos in it. I do not know whether others will discern aught of this in the little narrative I am going to try to relate. It ought to be told on what authority rests the relation. I piece the story together from three sources: Marshal Bazaine's recent book detailing his own connection with the war of 1870-71, some conversations with the Marshal, and others in the earlier days of the Zululand campaign with Prince Louis Napoleon.

I do not know how the palace of St. Cloud looks now, but when I saw it last it was a ghastly fire-blackened wreck. A German picket of infantrymen were quartered in the roofless salon, where they had built themselves a shelter of a kind of scorched tapestries and singed carpet scraps. A troop of Uhlan recruits were practising the *manege* on the little bend bordered by the stream—a spot that had been the empress' flower-garden. Six months earlier, who, in the wildest speculation of fancy, could have imagined the possibility of such a fate as this for the beautiful chateau? There was the gaunt framework of a bow-window whose outlook was up the Seine, in the direction of Paris; this was the chief window, I was told, of the room that had been virtually the private bureau —the "study," as we should perhaps call it—of the Emperor Napoleon. At that window he sat late on the afternoon of 16th July, 1870. It was a fair scene that lay before him. Out on the lawn, close under his eye, was the toy railroad-track that had been one of the rare playthings of his boy. But it was hardly time for admiring scenery or thinking about toys. The dreamy-eyed man with his head on his chest had more serious food for reflection. War had been virtually declared. The Germans were mobilizing like clockwork; the French were trying to mobilize, and finding that the attempt produced chaos. Ollivier had proclaimed his lightness of heart in accepting the arbitrament of war. It was in the council-chamber next door where Le Bœuf had proclaimed the army ready to the last button on the last soldier's gaiter. But the gloomy, brooding man shared none

of Ollivier's levity; and he knew too well how hollow had been Le Bœuf's swagger. Ever a puppet, whose wires men with stouter will pulled, he was never a stupid man. His intelligence was so keen as to impair his happiness; had he been a duller man he would have had a much better time of his spell of Empire. He saw himself poised between the all but certainty of a revolution and the all but desperate chances of a war. In the one direction there was no hope; in the other he could not but realize there was only a forlorn hope. For he had read those ruthlessly lucid letters of Stoffel, detailing the German preparedness; he had seen that loyal officer's finger of warning held sternly and nakedly aloft. He knew that the sham Empire had deteriorated the once puissant French army into nearly as great a sham as itself.

Who were his servants? His lip must have curled as he thought of his ministry. And his generals? In MacMahon, a valiant chief and a fair tactician, he might put some faith, begotten of experience. Le Bœuf, his chief of staff, —for, Heaven help him, he himself was to be his own commander-in-chief,—he knew well had come in by the back stair behind a petticoat. The others were mostly grown in the imperial hothouse, forced products of the *sabreur-banvivant* family of military botany. He knew of some tried and clean officers, but then they were not Imperialists, and such was the precariousness of his position he could trust only Imperialists. "Ah, Bazaine!" Well, in him was one Imperialist at least, true and honest, whose allegiance had not been won and kept by invitations to Compiegne. Perhaps he was not a profound military genius; but he did not regard *dejeuner* as absolutely indispensable; he had an un-French capacity for taking pains; he knew the theatre of war; he was a favorite with the troops (it had come to that with the French army that this was a consideration); and he was coming this very afternoon to pay his visit of farewell before going away east to take the command to which he had been nominated the same morning. This was he whom the page was ushering it.

Not a very grand soldier, in the physical sense, this man, who in forty years of steady purposeful duty had raised himself from out the very ranks to the position of Marshal of France. He was short, somewhat fat, long in the body, short and bulgy about the legs, and with a puffy, rather pasty face. But there were physical features that were to be marked favorably. He had a good, straight, manly eye; his mouth had a habit of setting itself firmly; his voice, rather hoarse in its lower notes, had a clear sounding ring when raised, as it many a time and oft had been raised to bid his men follow him in the charge. He could be silent, and he could sit still—two rare virtues in the Imperialist soldiery.

He was an Imperialist because he was a soldier and worshipped *le petit Caporal.* He had owed not a great deal to the Empire; he had made his mark as a soldier before it began. Worthy soldiering in the Crimea had brought him his division; if the Mexican business could have been made a success by force of arms, that success Bazaine would have achieved, and the baton was but his due. He had always been a "duty soldier," to use the expressive phrase of our own army; never a carpet-knight of the salons. The emperor had for him that sort of regard which an unpractical and loose person has for a man who is trustworthy—somewhat rugged, not over-congenial, but stanch; some such regard as that in which young Charles held stout old Marshal Lesley. Bazaine, for his part, had a faithful, honest love for his emperor. I assume that he knew that emperor's faults; but he had a very tender spot in him for kind words, and Napoleon knew at least how to speak to men who

served him well. It is to be said of him that no man has spoken ill of him who was much under his personal influence. Either it came natural to him, or he had learnt to speak as became a monarch. To sum Bazaine up, his good soldierhood and the regard his sovereign held him in for it, had earned him the jealousy of the soldier-fribbles of the Empire; a feeling nowise modified by the circumstance that he had been a "ranker," and had not come into the army through the fashionable gateway of the schools.

The interview was doubtless cordial enough, but there could have been little comfort in it for the emperor. Bazaine had lately held a district command on the northeastern frontier, where the army was concentrating, and which a German offensive would menace. He could tell, and no doubt did plainly tell, of the state of universal unpreparedness, the inefficiency of Metz for resistance, the emptiness of the local magazines, the studied neglect of the requisitions he had made while in the Nancy command. He would do his best, of that his master might be sure; but "beware the offensive!" was his reiterated caution. Bazaine had gathered some knowledge of the German military system; he knew that the French army had degenerated to no system at all. The defensive might be possible with energy and good fortune, but the offensive could have no other significance than ruin. And so the simple soldierman took his *conge*, and went to pack his campaigning trunk.

He had been nominated to the command of an army corps, with a sort of supervision over two more, the three lying in the neighborhood of Metz. But after he went out from his audience the emperor took a second thought. "This man," he said to himself, "had some purposefulness at least;" he would give him further charge. So he ordered Le Bœuf to intimate to him that he would have the interim disposition of all seven corps which formed the Army of the Rhine, until the emperor himself, in his capacity of commander-in-chief, should take the field. Within twenty-four hours Bazine was on his journey to the frontier.

What chaos he found there need not be described, because for one thing it would be indescribable. No money, food already scarce, ammunition defective, fortresses inadequately supplied—are not those things written in the histories of the period? Bazaine could not get the chiefs of army corps to report to him; they exercised a fine independence of insubordination, recognizing doubtless that the omnipotent Le Bœuf—who by no means loved Bazaine—would not take them severely to task. True to his convictions, Bazaine had insisted on a strict defensive, but Le Bœuf was to overrule this wisdom, and had influence to persuade the emperor out of the resolution he had taken on Bazaine's representations. To facilitate this Bazaine was ordered out of Metz before the emperor arrived on 26th July, and was hindered from access to the Imperial presence until misfortunue on misfortune rendered it necessary to fall back on his counsels.

Frossard, in command of an army corps, was lying on the Spicherenberg, within cannon-shot of the frontier line running between the Spicheren and Saarbruck. He was an engineer officer, and had been the governor of the Prince Imperial, in which capacity he had gained the emperor's ear. He had conceived the notion of commencing the campaign, making its *debut*, as he phrased it—as if the campaign had been an actress—by a sudden dash on Saarbruck. As a means to the end of resolute, alert invasion, such a scheme would have been practical: carried no further, it was in itself a childish folly, a conspicuous confession of inability to do anything more. Bazaine was opposed naturally to such a stalemate, but Le Bœuf was an advocate for the en-

terprise; and the hope that his presence and that of his son in the field would have a good effect in Paris tempted the poor emperor to give his consent. Bazaine had a nominal co-operation prescribed to him on a flank; he migh have claimed the chief command, and probably would, but that they withheld from him the knowledge that the emperor and the Prince Imperial were to witness the little military promenade.

This occupation of Saarbruck was the sole attempt on the part of the French during the war at the offensive outside their own frontier. On this occasion they penetrated into the bowels of the land of the Teuton barely two miles, and then certainly not without impediment. Three French army corps took a greater or smaller part in the operation. The French force of some 60,000 men had opposed to it—what? A German infantry battalion 800 strong, and two squadrons of Uhlans—in all, a force of barely a thousand men. This mighty host was commanded by one of the bravest and funniest of mortals, Colonel von Pestel. He had been ordered to retire and leave Saarbruck bare, but he begged hard to be allowed to stay on, promising faithfully to fall back when molested. In the meantime he took the offensive with a comic vigor. Every afternoon as he rode out past the little Bellevue tavern, on the low ridge intervening between Saarbruck and the loftier Spicheren, he would sing out cheerily, "Hurrah, I go to draw de hoots of de enemy! Come along!" If you went you found yourself engaged in a mental speculation, whether a target, inanimate object though it seems, has emotions, and if so whether its emotion when being fired at is one of serene beatitude. The Colonel's bearing, granting the former hypothesis, was conclusively in favor of the latter Some of us were not so clear on the subject, and I suppose it was for the sake of having the opportunity calmly to analyze what our emotions were that we occasionally went behind trees and waited there till the firing slackened.

Von Pestel treated his guests—who consisted of about half a dozen madcap newspaper correspondents—to this amusement for about ten days; alternated with a skirmish or two, in one of which, by the way, I saw the first man fall that met his death in the Franco-German war. At length, on 2nd August, the Spicheren volcano erupted, and its red-trousered lava floods poured down towards Saarbruck. Von Pestel made a laughably good defence. Some outlying points were manned with stuffed defenders, with a live man or two among them to fire an occasional shot. He held the line in front of Saarbruck for about four hours, and then retired fighting in good order, only because his orders were not wantonly to sacrifice lives. As it was he lost about eight killed and twenty or so wounded, one of whom was the gallant Colonel Battye, of the Guides, who afterwards fell so gallantly in Afghanistan. Some of us repaired Battye, whose ribs were stove in, until he got up to the Mayence hospital, when the surgeons found our job so neat that they never interfered with it. General Bataille came down into Saarbruck and took up his quarters at the Hotel de la Poste; he was very pleasant and civil. His men permeated the town, and did a little mild looting. They drank a brewery dry, and kissed all the waiting girls in the Rheinische Hof, including Fraulein Sophie, the landlady's niece. A corporal, I believe, kissed the landlady herself. This was all the damage they did. On the night of 5th August they all went away back whence they came; and so ended the first and only instalment—about two miles long—of the march *a Berlin.*

The emperor and his son waited on the edge of the Spicheren till the firing was over. Prince Louis told me there

was no truth in the ridiculous story about his picking up the bullets as they fell. As a matter of fact he was not actually under fire at all—neither he nor his father. When all was quiet they rode down the hill, across the valley, up the Kaltenberg, and looked down on Saarbruck from the edge of the Exercir Platz. The next time the emperor saw German scenery was when on his road to Wilhelmshohe. Then the cortege turned and cantered by the "Golden Farmer" beer house, back to Forbach, where the train was taken for Metz. Bazaine was most anxious to salute the emperor and his lad, and he came back from his flank operations to Forbach at a gallop, only to learn that the party had gone, and that the emperor had asked where he was without getting a satisfactory answer, whereat honest Bazaine was sore distressed.

Spicheren, Worth, and all the early ruin, presage true of the wretched end, came bickering and crumbling about the Imperial ears. Bazaine, in the real stress of things, had got the handling of three corps, but the insubordination and confusion of commands hampered him at every turn. All he could do was to work—out there in the front, conducting the retreat, covering the ragged edges, trying to keep the men in heart as became a manly soldier. At length, in a paroxysm of worry, the emperor came out to consult with Bazaine—the man he had turned to when he found Le Bœuf and the others like the crackling of the thorns under a pot. He brought that tough old buckram warrior Changarnier with him, and the place of rendezvous was Faulquemont, a foul little dunghill village a couple of marches southeast of Metz. Bazaine was there in the midst of a disordered horde of wearied and dispirited soldiers. His advice had a ring of soldierhood in it, but the wretched emperor, quivering with nervousness because of the Paris mob, would take no counsel that involved the uncoverment of Paris even in appearance. So Bazaine had to take up an abortive line of battle nearer Metz, and "give up this new hope of being allowed to make an effective diversion."

The blackness of the cloud overhanging the Empire grew denser, and the plot began that ultimately was to ruin poor Bazaine. To do him justice, the emperor did not devise the baseness; I question whether he ever had cognizance of it in its naked ugliness. Pietri telegraphed an urgent "confidential" to the empress that it should be insisted on that the emperor should surrender the command-in-chief to Bazaine. Mark the modern Iago!—"If misfortune should still pursue the army, Bazaine would then be the object of obloquy, and so take the onus of the responsibility off the emperor's shoulders." Bazaine was victimized accordingly. He did not know of the plot; but he recognized the eventuality, and being a loyal, honest man, accepted it as part of the duty of a subject to take the skaith from his sovereign. That burden of duty never troubled him; but he had a modest mistrust of his own intrinsic capacity for the post. There were two officers in the Army of the Rhine who were his seniors. So when he got the "letter of service" to take the command, he betook himself to the imperial headquarters, and told the emperor straightforwardly that both MacMahon and Canrobert were older and better officers than himself. MacMahon had other work reserved for him; Canrobert was equal to his Crimean antecedent of shirking responsibility in a tight place. "You are the right man," said the emperor to Bazaine, "and it is an order I give you to take the duties." Well, there was no more to be said, was there? I can conceive Bazaine saluting in silence and going right about face on his heel, as he was wont to leave the orderly-room when a sergeant. The old war-dog was not the man to bandy words with his superior officer.

I have often wondered whether now, and again four days later as he drove away for Verdun, the emperor had a thrill of compassion for the simple, steadfast man who had picked up the cross he had let fall. I would fain think so; and in the letters which he wrote to his old servant both after the capitulation of Metz, and when Bazaine lay under the sentence of death pronounced by the Trianon court-martial three years later, there are expressions which seem to have in them an undertone of natural tenderness. "I find," wrote Napoleon from his Wilhelmshohe captivity, "I find one real consolation in the depths of misfortune into which I am plunged, in knowing that you have been always stanch to me." He could say no less to a man before whom loomed the fate of being stripped of everything that is dearest to the soldier—of reputation, of decorations that had been cut, as it were, from out the hostile ranks, of honors and of rank, because at a time when sacred oaths were as thistle-down he had held himself bound to the allegiance to which his soldier-oath had pledged him.

A commander-in-chief in name, a buffer and a scapegoat in reality, Bazaine had toiled hard amidst many other discouragements to get the army out of Metz, and forward on the march of retreat towards Verdun. That army's rear the masterful Germans had struck at on the 14th August, and brought about the battle of Borny, as the French call it, or Courcelles, as the Germans name it, on the eastern face of Metz. A poor organizer, Bazaine was himself the moment that the war-music began to make the air throb. He turned fiercely and skilfully at bay, and although the fight won the Germans the delay for which they had made it, Bazaine at least charged them a dreadful effusion of blood for the advantage which he had no alternative but to concede. A curious article might be written on the immunity from wounds in action of some generals, and the ill-fortune of others in becoming the billet for a bullet. No commander was ever more forward in the fighting line than Sheridan, yet he never got a scratch. Skobeleff, who many a time went at it with his own good sword, and in his white coat and on his white charger headed every charge with a recklessness that men called madness, had as complete an immunity as if he carried the charmed life that his soldiers ascribed, and was wounded only in the quiet trenches by a chance bullet fired into the air a mile away. Wellington was but once hit: the bullet that carried away his boot heel scarce gave him a contusion. Grant was never struck; Napoleon never more than grazed. Of Sir Neville Chamberlain, again, one of the most distinguished officers of our Indian army, the saying goes that he never went into action without receiving a wound, and the gallant old man has been fighting pretty steadily ever since the first Afghan war. Bazaine was a man to whom Fortune was not stingy in the matter of wounds. At Borny there came to him the leaden reminder that he was mortal, though this time it was but a gentle hint. The fragment of a shell hit him on the left shoulder, but it had been well spent, and, because of the protection of the epaulette, gave him but a contusion, from which he had pain for several days, especially when on horseback.

The fight over, the Germans forced back, and his troops once more on the march through Metz and across the Moselle, with their faces set eastward toward Verdun, Bazaine bethought him of his master's natural anxiety to know the situation. That master was the white elephant of Bazaine and the army, but in the countries where white elephants are they live objects of sanctity. The imperial headquarters had been fixed at the chateau of Longeville, a residence on the left bank of

the Moselle valley, lying among trim, formal gardens, and nestled comfortably under the guns of Fort St. Quentin, perched on the steep dominant hill behind it. Thither in the dead of night, struggling his way through the chaos of the retreating army jammed into the narrow streets of Metz, Bazaine hied himself, carrying his bruised shoulder from the battle field. Of what followed I think it best to let the simple soldier-man tell in his own blunt, short, but surely not ineffective way: "I found his Majesty unwell and in bed," —the malady that killed Napoleon a few years later was already debilitating him,—"and I was immediately admitted into his bedroom. The emperor greeted me with his wonted kind affability. I told him what had passed (about the battle, etc.), and I gave vent as well to my anxieties in regard to the next few days. The Germans, said I, were finding the routes free to them by which to travel to gain a position between the Moselle and the Meuse, and consequently athwart our line of retreat. I represented to the emperor that I was suffering physically; and, adding my fear that I could not endure the pain the contusion caused me when on horseback, I begged of him that he would relieve me from the command. His Majesty, touching my shoulder on the part where the torn epaulette showed where I had been struck, answered me with that kind humor that charmed all who came within its influence, 'This is nothing serious, dear Marshal, it is a matter of but a few days; and the blow you have just got is but the token that it is you were are destined to break the spell of our ill-fortune!' These were his very words. He gave no hint that he had any other thought than to remain with the army."

At last, in this Longeville bedroom, I think we get a touch of human nature. Bazanie's heart was very full, it is clear; and his master's thick quilting of selfishness seem to have been pierced. Before the interview ended the emperor impressed on Bazaine the necessity for the most studious caution. The falling man still nourished his delusions. "I wait," said he, "for answers from the Emperor of Austria and the King of Italy, who at the beginning of the war evinced a disposition to befriend us; for heaven's sake risk nothing by over-precipitation, and avoid, above everything, any fresh reverse." And then, as Bazaine tells with a modest pride, the emperor bade him good night with the final words, "I am leaning on you." One can fancy Bazaine leaving the chamber with a lump in his honest throat. How he felt about the future may be gathered from a chance colloquy. As he passed through the outer room the officers of the household, who sat watching, called out to him in the jaunty tone of such people—"You are going to fetch us out of this hole we have got into, are you not, Marshal?" "I am going to do my best, gentlemen," replied the honest Marshal; "*tout mon possible;* none of us can do more, and there are none of us who would do less!" And so he went out into the darkness, and consoled his bruised shoulder with an hour or two's sleep.

This was on the night between the 14th and 15th August. What happened on the following morning was told me in Zululand by the poor Prince Imperial. He was asleep in the bedroom next to his father's. They will show you the two rooms still in a wing of the gray-fronted chateau with the Mansard roof. A crash awoke him with a start, and he was sitting up in bed bewildered, when the emperor rushed into the room: "Get up and dress—quick, my son, quick, Louis! The German shells are crashing through the roof." It was so. An audacious German horse battery, seeing soldiery about the chateau, had galloped up to within range on the opposite side of the river, and had opened that "quick fire" at which

the German gunners are so handy. As the prince looked out of the window while he dressed hurriedly he saw a shell fall on the table in the garden, at which a group of officers of the battalion on guard were breakfasting, and when the smoke of the explosion blew aside three of the officers lay dead. St. Quentin began to reply from its great siege guns, but a horse battery is not a big mark, and the Germans stuck to their work with characteristic persistence. The carriages and baggage might follow; Gravelotte was the rendezvous given; but meanwhile the business in hand was to get from under that shell fire. There was a hurried cup of coffee for Louis and his father; then they and the suite went to horse, and the abominable German shells were soon left behind.

An inauspicious commencement, truly, of this 15th day of August—the poor harried emperor's fete day, of all days! The Imperial party pushed on towards Gravelotte how it might be by the road, cumbered with all the impediments of a disorderly retreat. Presently, about the village of Lessy, an absolute block was encountered. The road was bounded by heavy fences, there were three wagons abreast of each other hopelessly broken down, and a battery of horse artillery tangled up in the debris. Interminable delay confronted the Imperial party. But Prince Louis, during the early days of Metz, while as yet the Germans were afar off, had employed much of his time in riding around the adjacent country. He had mastered the "lie" of it, and gained a knowledge of the by-tracks. Quietly ordering some soldiers to make a gap in the fence on the St. Quentin side, he called out, "Follow me, father!" and led the way across country at a canter for a vineyard track whose trend he knew. So the boy-guide conducted the graybeards down into the valley by Chatel, then up on to the ridge which in three more days was to be covered with corpse mounds, past the auberge of St. Hubert, not then yet battered into dust and that dust made into mud by blood, down into the hollow of the Mance not yet then a ghastly shamble: and so up the slope between the poplar trees to the auberge of Gravelotte, standing in the angle where diverge the upper and the lower roads from Metz to Verdun.

Thither, at least as yet, came no German shells, and the hunted Napoleons could draw their breath. Thither, about one in the afternoon, came, too, the harassed Bazaine. Like Martha, the poor Marshal was "careful and troubled about many things." He found his master tramping up and down in front of the auberge. It was a way he had in trouble. I saw him doing just the same in the potato-patch of the weaver's garden on the Donchery road, during the interval when Bismarck rode away to King Wilhelm to know what was to be done with the man who had come to them from out the devilry inside Sedan. It must have been a poor place at the best, this roadside auberge, even before the shell fire of the battle to which the village of Gravelotte gave its name had knocked it about. I knew it later well enough. I tried to get a place in it wherein to lie down on the night of the battle, but it was full beyond the threshold with wounded men. Later, during the siege, there used to dwell in it one of the cheeriest etappen officers I ever knew, who had a rare bin of local wine that resembled Muscat. As Napoleon stalked up and down, pondering uneasily he was unconsciously making history, and just as unconsciously he moved in the heart of a scene waiting to be made historical ere many hours had passed. For over against him was the old church of Gravelotte, on the edge of whose graveyard the dead of the impending battle were to be used for breastworks. On its shattered wall was to rest the plank sitting on which Wilhelm was to watch

the stroke of the final blow wherewith he dinted in the long strenuous resistance that had held his soldiers at arm's length till after the summer sun had gone down on the red field.

Bazaine approached his master. Poor loyal old fighting henchman! Childish you may call this, in the throes of a climax so sombre; but does it not move you, nevertheless? "I complimented him on his fete day by presenting him with a little nosegay I had gathered in the garden of my last night's quarters." The emperor gave thanks for the present, and then, his trouble recurring to him, he asked in a loud voice, "Must I quit the army?" Bazaine, in surprise, bewilderment, and embarrassment, begged of him at least to wait yet a little longer. So Napoleon turned to his people and said, "We will remain, gentlemen; but do not have the baggage unpacked." Poor Bazaine sometimes shows a rare incisive gift with that blunt, clumsy pen of his. "During the colloquy," he writes, "the soldiers, melancholy and beaten out, continued to defile along the road in front of the auberge. Not a single cheer, not one '*Vive l' Empereur!*' came from the tumbled ranks at the sight of that sovereign and his son so enthusiastically acclaimed but a few days before. The moral influence of the retreat had already so lowered the tone of the army!" Is it not a sombre etching bitten in deeply by a few strong strokes?

These two men, Emperor and Marshal, parted next day and forever. I think Bazaine may be allowed to draw down the curtain in his abrupt, rugged fashion. "On the morning of the 16th August the emperor sent a galloper to fetch me. I lost not a moment, but rode alone at full speed to the Imperial quarters. I found his Majesty already in the carriage along with the Prince Imperial and Prince Napoleon. The baggage had been sent on under escort in the course of the night. General de France's cavalry brigade was already on horseback to escort the emperor. I had got no intimation in advance of those arrangements. I rode up to the carriage without dismounting. The emperor seemed in suffering, and he said to me but a few words: 'I have decided to leave for Verdun and Chalons. Get you on for Verdun how best you can. The gendarmes have left Briey, because the Prussians are in it."

Bazaine does not record a farewell, so abrupt seems to have been the parting. Napoleon whirled away out of bad into worse, until what relief the very worst brings came to him after Sedan. An hour after the Imperial postillions had cracked their whips Bazaine was in the heart of a fierce melee of Mars la Tour, stemming all he knew, with his own sword blade flashing through the dust of the hand-to-hand struggle, one of the whirlwind charges of the Brunswick Hussars. Ah! why did Heaven deny him then a straight thrust from the beautiful "white weapon," to give him the good death a man so soldierly had surely earned!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

CHARLES DICKENS

STAVE ONE.

MARLEY'S GHOST.

MARLEY was dead: to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it: and Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change, for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the country's done for. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he was an excellent man of business in the very day of the funeral, and solemnized it with an undoubted bargain.

The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to the point I started from. There is no doubt that Marley was dead. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate. If we were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's father died before the play began, there would be nothing more remarkable in his taking a stroll at night, in an easterly wind, upon his own ramparts, than there would be in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a breezy spot—say Saint Paul's Churchyard, for instance—literally to astonish his son's weak mind.

Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names: it was all the same to him.

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out a generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rim was on his head and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, nor wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call "nuts" to Scrooge.

Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather: foggy withal: and he could hear the people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them. The city clock had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already: it had not been light all day: and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighboring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without, that although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud come droop-

ing down, obscuring everything, one might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was brewing on a large scale.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed.

"A Merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge, "Humbug!"

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure."

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come, then," returned the nephew, gayly. "What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough."

Scrooge having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said, "Bah!" again; and followed it up with "Humbug."

"Don't be cross, uncle," said the nephew.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge, indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle," pleaded the nephew.

"Nephew!" returned the uncle, sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew. "But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew: "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time: a kind. forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know of, in the long calendar year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

The clerk in the Tank involuntarily applauded: becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark forever.

"Let me hear another sound from *you*," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation." "You're quite a powerful speaker, Sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you do not go into Parliament."

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us tomorrow."

Scrooge said that he would see him—yes, indeed he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

"But why?" cried Scrogge's nephew. "Why?"

"Why did you get married?" said Scrooge.

"Because I fell in love."

"Because you fell in love!" growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. "Good afternoon!"

"Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?"

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

"I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?"

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

"I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So A Merry Christmas, uncle!"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

"And A Happy New Year!"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

His nephew left the room without an angry

word, notwithstanding. He stopped at the outer door to bestow the greetings of the season on the clerk, who, cold as he was, was warmer than Scrogge; for he returned them cordially.

"There's another fellow," muttered Scrooge, who overheard him: "my clerk, with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas. I'll retire to Bedlam."

This lunatic, in letting Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other people in. They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's office. They had books and papers in their hands, and bowed to him.

"Scrooge and Marley's, I believe," said one of the gentlemen, referring to his list. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge, or Mr. Marley?"

"Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years," Scrooge replied. "He died seven years ago, this very night."

"We have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner,'" said the gentleman, presenting his credentials.

It certainly was, for they had been two kindred spirits. At the ominous word "liberality," Scrooge frowned, and shook his head, and handed the credentials back.

"At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge," said the gentleman, taking up a pen, "it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessaries; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, Sir."

"Are there no prisons?" asked Scrooge.

"Plenty of prisons," said the gentleman, laying down the pen again.

"And the Union workhouses?" demanded Scruge. "Are they still in operation?"

"They are. Still," returned the gentleman, "I wish I could say they are not."

"The Treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigor, then?" said Scrooge.

"Both very busy, Sir."

"Oh, I was afraid, from what you said at first, that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course," Scrooge. "I'm very glad to hear it."

"Under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitude," returned the gentleman, "a few of us are endeavoring to raise a fund to buy the poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?"

"Nothing!" Scrooge replied.

"You wish to be anonymous?"

"I wish to be left alone," said Scrooge. "Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments I have mentioned: they cost enough: and those who are badly off must go there."

"Many can't go there; and many would rather die."

"If they would rather die," said Scrooge, "they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population. Besides—excuse me—I don't know that."

"But you might know it," observed the gentleman.

"It's not my business," Scrooge returned. "It's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's. Mine occupies me constantly. Good afternoon, gentlemen!"

Seeing clearly that it would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. Scrooge resumed his labors with an improved opinion of himself, and in a more facetious temper than was usual with him.

Meanwhile the fog and darkness thickened so, that people ran about with flaring links, proffering their services to go before horses in carriages, and conduct them on their way. The ancient tower of a church, whose gruff old bell was always peeping slyly down at Scrooge out of a gothic window in the wall, became visible, and struck the hours and quarters in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards as if its teeth were chattering in the frozen head up there. The cold became intense. In the main street at the corner of the court, some laborers were repairing the gas pipes, and had lighted a great fire in a brazier, round which a party of ragged men and boys were gathered: warming their hands and winking their eyes before the blaze in rapture. The water plug being left in solitude, its overflowings sullenly congealed and turned to misanthropic ice. The brightness of the shops where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the lamp heat of the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they passed. Poulterers' and grocers' trades became a splendid joke: a glorious pageant, with which it was next to impossible to believe that such dull principles as bargain and sale had anything to do. The Lord Mayor, in the stronghold of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep Christmas as a Lord Mayor's household should, and even the little tailor, whom he had fined five shilling on the previous Monday for being drunk and bloodthirsty in the streets, stirred up tomorrow's pudding in his garret, while his lean wife and the baby sallied out to buy the beef.

Foggier yet, and colder! Piercing, search-

ing, biting cold. If the good Saint Dunstan had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a touch of such weather as that, instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he would have roared to lusty purpose. The owner of one scant young nose, gnawed and mumbled by the hungry cold as bones are gnawed by dogs, stooped down at Scrooge's keyhole to regale him wth a Christmas carol, but at the first sound of

"God bless you, merry gentleman!
May nothing you dismay!"

Scrooge seized the ruler with such energy of action that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the fog and even more congenial frost.

At length the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived. With an ill-will Scrooge dismounted from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day tomorrow, I suppose?" said Scrooge.

"If quite convenient, Sir."

"It's not convenient," said Scrooge, "and it's not fair. If I was to stop half-a-crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound."

The clerk smiled faintly.

"And yet," said Scrooge, "you don't think me ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work."

The clerk observed that it was only once a year.

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December!" said Scrooge, buttoning his great coat to tne chin. "But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning!"

The clerk promised that he would, and Scrooge walked out with a growl. The office was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no great coat), went down a slide on Cornhill, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times, in honor of its being Christmas Eve, and then ran home to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt, to play at blindman's buff.

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's book, went home to bed. He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. They were a gloomy suit of rooms, in a lowering pile of building up a yard, where it had so little business to be, that one could scarcely help fancying it must have run there when it was a young house, playing at hide-and-seek with other houses, and have forgotten the way out again. It was old enough now, and dreary enough, for nobody lived in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices. The yard was so dark that even Scrooge, who knew its every stone, was fain to grope with his hands. The fog and frost so hung about the black old gateway of the house, that it seemed as if the Genius of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the threshold.

Now, it is a fact, that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door, except that it was very large. It is also a fact, that Scrooge had seen it, night and morning, during his whole residence in that place; also that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in the city of London, even including—which is a bold word--the corporation, aldermen, and livery. Let it also be borne in mind that Scrooge had not bestowed one thought on Marley, since his last mention of his seven-years' dead partner that afternoon. And then let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change: not a knocker, but Marley's face.

Marley's face. It was in impenetrable shadow as the other objects in the yard were, but had a dismal light about it, like a bad lobster in a dark cellar. It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look: with ghostly spectacles turned up on its ghostly forehead. The hair was curiously stirred, as if by a breath of hot air; and, though the eyes were wide open, they were perfectly motionless. That, and its livid color, made it horrible; but its horror seemed to be in spite of the face and beyond its control, rather than a part of its own expression.

And Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again.

To say that he was not startled, or that his blood was not conscious of a terrible sensation to which it had been a stranger from infancy, would be untrue. But he put his hand upon the key he had relinquished, turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle.

He *did* pause, with a moment's irresolution, before he shut the door; and he *did* look cautiously behind it first, as if he half expected to be terrified with the sight of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the hall. But there was nothing on the back of the door, except the screws and nuts that held the knocker on; so he said, "Pooh, pooh!" and closed it with a bang.

The sound resounded through the house like thunder. Every room above, and every cask in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to have a separate peal of echoes of its own. Scrooge was not a man to be frightened

by echoes. He fastened the door, and walked across the hall and up the stairs: slowly, too: trimming his candle as he went.

You may talk vaguely of driving a coach-and-six up a good old flight of stairs, or through a bad young Act of Parliament; but I mean to say you might have got a hearse up that staircase, and taken it broadwise, with the splinter-bar towards the wall, and the door towards the balustrades: and done it easy. There was plenty of width for that, and room to spare; which is perhaps the reason why Scrooge thought he saw a locomotive hearse going on before him in the gloom. Half a dozen gas lamps out of the street wouldn't have lighted the entry too well, so you may suppose that it was pretty dark with Scrooge's dip.

Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that: darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it. But before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection of the face to desire to do that.

Sitting room, bedroom, lumber room. All as they should be. Nobody under the table, nobody under the sofa; a small fire in the grate; spoon and basin ready, and the little saucepan of gruel (Scrooge had a cold in his head) upon the hob. Nobody under the bed; nobody in the closet; nobody in his dressing gown, which was hanging up in a suspicious attitude against the wall. Lumber room as usual. Old fire-guard, old shoes, two fish baskets, washing stand on three legs, and a poker.

Quite satisfied, he closed the door and locked himself in; double-locked himself in, which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat; put on his dressing gown and slippers, and his night cap, and sat down before the fire to take his gruel.

It was a very low fire indeed: nothing on such a bitter night. He was obliged to sit close to it, and brood over it, before he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a handful of fuel. The fireplace was an old one, built by some Dutch merchant long ago, and paved all round with quaint Dutch tiles, designed to illustrate the Scriptures. There were Cains and Abels, Pharoahs' daughters, Queens of Sheba, Angelic messengers descending through the air on clouds like feather-beds, Abrahams, Belshazzars, Apostles putting off to sea in butterboats, hundreds of figures, to attract his thoughts; and yet that face of Marley, seven years dead, came like the ancient Prophet's rod, and swallowed up the whole. If each smooth tile had been a blank at first, with power to shape some picture on its surface from the disjointed fragments of his thoughts, there would have been a copy of old Marley's head on every one.

"Humbug!" said Scrooge, and walked across the room.

After several turns, he sat down again. As he drew his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the room, and communicated for some purpose now forgotten with a chamber in the highest story of the building. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing. It swung so softly in the outset that it scarcely made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house.

This might have lasted half a minute, or a minute, but it seemed an hour. The bells ceased as they had begun, together. They were succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below; as if some person were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine-merchant's cellar. Scrooge then remembered to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains.

The cellar door flew open with a booming sound, and then he heard the noise much lounder, on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door.

"It's a humbug still!" said Scrooge. "I won't believe it."

His color changed though when, without a pause, it came on through the heavy door, and passed into the room before his eyes. Upon his coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried "I know him! Marley's Ghost!" and fell again.

The same face: the very same. Marley in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights and boots; the tassels on the latter bristling, like his pigtail, and his coat-skirts, and his hair upon his head. The chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was long, and wound about him like a tail; and it was made (for Scrooge observed it closely) of cash boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel. His body was transparent; so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking through his waist-coat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind.

Scrooge had often heard it said that Marley had no bowels, but he had never believed it until now.

No, nor did he believe it even now. Though he looked the phantom through and through, and saw it standing before him; though he felt the chilling influence of its death-cold eyes; and marked the very texture of the folded kerchief bound about its head and chin, which wrapper he had not observed before: he was still incredulous, and fought against his senses.

"How now!" said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever. "What do you want with me?"

"Much!"—Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

"Who are you?"

"Ask me who I *was?*"

"Who *were* you, then?" said Scrooge, raising his voice. "You're particular—for a shade." He was going to say "*to* a shade," but substituted this, as more appropriate.

"In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley."

"Can you—can you sit down?" asked Scrooge, looking doubtfully at him.

"I can."

"Do it then."

Scrooge asked the question, because he didn't know whether a ghost so transparent might find himself in a condition to take a chair; and felt that in the event of its being impossible, it might involve the necessity of an embarrassing explanation. But the Ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fireplace, as if he were quite used to it.

"You don't believe in me," observed the Ghost.

"I don't," said Scrooge.

"Why do you doubt your senses?"

"Because," said Scrooge, "a little thing affects me. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!"

Scrooge was not much in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he feel, in his heart, by any means waggish then. The truth is, that he tried to be smart, as a means of distracting his own attention, and keeping down his terror; for the spectre's voice disturbed the very marrow in his bones.

To sit, staring at those fixed, glazed eyes, in silence for a moment would play, Scrooge felt, the very deuce with him. There was something very awful, too, in the spectre's being provided with an infernal atmosphere of its own. Scrooge could not feel it himself, but this was clearly the case; for though the Ghost sat perfectly motionless, its hair, and skirts, and tassels, were still agitated as by the hot vapor from an oven.

"You see this toothpick?" said Scrooge, returning quickly to the charge, for the reason just assigned, and wishing, though it were only for a second, to divert the vision's stony gaze from himself.

"I do," replied the Ghost.

"You are not looking at it," said Scrooge.

"But I see it," said the Ghost, "notwithstanding."

"Well," returned Scrooge, "I have but to swallow this, and be for the rest of my days persecuted by a legion of goblins, all of my own creation. Humbug, I tell you—humbug!"

At this the spirit raised a frightful cry, and shook his chain with such a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge held on tight to his chair, to save himself from falling into a swoon. But how much greater was his horror, when the phantom taking off the bandage round its head, as if it were too warm to wear indoors, its lower jaw dropped upon its breast!

Scrooge fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands before his face.

"Mercy!" he said. "Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?"

"Man of the worldly mind!" replied the Ghost, "do you believe in me or not?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "I must. But why do spirits walk the earth, and why do you come to me?"

"It is required of every man," the Ghost returned, "that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow-men, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world—oh, woe is me!—and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness!"

Again the spectre raised a cry, and shook its chin, and wrung its shadowy hands.

"You are fettered," said Scrooge, trembling. "Tell me why?"

"I wear the chain I forged in life," replied the Ghost. "I made it link by link, and yard by yard; I girded it on of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it. Is its pattern strange to *you?*"

Scrooge trembled more and more.

"Or would you know," pursued the Ghost, "the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself? It was full as heavy and as long as this seven Christmas Eves ago. You have labored on it since. It is a ponderous chain!"

Scrooge glanced about him on the floor, in the expectation of finding himself surrounded by some fifty or sixty fathoms of iron cable: but he could see nothing.

"Jacob," he said, imploringly, "Old Jacob Marley, tell me more. Speak comfort to me, Jacob."

"I have none to give," the Ghost replied. "It comes from other regions, Ebenezer Scrooge, and is conveyed by other ministers, to other kinds of men. Nor can I tell you what I would. A very little more, is all permitted to me. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house—mark me!—in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits

of our money changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!"

It was a habit with Scrooge, whenever he became thoughtful, to put his hands in his breeches pockets. Pondering on what the Ghost had said, he did so now, but without lifting up his eyes, or getting off his knees.

"You must have been very slow about it, Jacob," Scrooge observed, in a business-like manner, though with humility and deference.

"Slow!" the Ghost repeated.

"Seven years dead," mused Scrooge. "And traveling all the time!"

"The whole time," said the Ghost. "No rest, no peace. Incessant torture of remorse."

"You travel fast?" said Scrooge.

"On the wings of the wind," replied the Ghost.

"You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years," said Scrooge.

The Ghost, on hearing this, set up another cry, and clanked its chains so hideously in the dead silence of the night, that the Ward would have been justified in indicting it for a nuisance.

"Oh, captive, bound, and double-ironed," cried the phantom, "not to know, that ages of incessant labor, by immortal creatures, for this earth must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible is all developed. Not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunity misused! Yet such was I! Oh, such was I!"

"But you were always a good man of business, Jacob," faltered Scrooge, who now began to apply this to himself.

"Business!" cried the Ghost, wringing its hands again. "Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence, were, all, my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!"

It held up its chain at arm's length, as if that were the cause of all its unavailing grief, and flung it heavily upon the ground again.

"At this time of the rolling year," the spectre said, "I suffer most. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode! Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted *me!*"

Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear the spectre going on at this rate, and began to quake exceedingly.

"Hear me!" cried the Ghost. "My time is nearly gone,"

"I will," said Scrooge. "But don't be hard upon me! Don't be flowery, Jacob! Pray!"

"How it is that I appear before you in a shape that you can see, I may not tell. I have sat invisible beside you many and many a day."

It was not an agreeable idea. Scrooge shivered, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"That is no light part of my penance," pursued tne Ghost. "I am here tonight to warn you, that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer."

"You were always a good friend to me," said Scrooge. "Thank'ee!"

"You will be haunted," resumed the Ghost, "by Three Spirits."

Scrooge's countenance fell almost as low as the Ghosts had done.

"Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?" he demanded, in a faltering voice.

"It is."

"I—I think I'd rather not," said Scrooge.

"Without their visits," said the Ghost, "you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first tomorrow, when the bell tolls one."

"Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob?" hinted Scrooge.

"Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third upon the next night when the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us!"

When it had said these words, the spectre took its wrapper from the table, and bound it round its head as before. Scrooge knew this, by the smart sound its teeth made, when the jaws were brought together by the bandage. He ventured to raise his eyes again, and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in an erect attitude, with its chain wound over and about its arm.

The apparition walked backward from him; and at every step it took, the window raised itself a little, so that when the spectre reached it, it was wide open. It beckoned Scrooge to approach, which he did. When they were within two paces of each other, Marley's Ghost held up its hand, warning him to come no nearer. Scrooge stopped.

Not so much in obedience, as in surprise and fear: for on the raising of the hand, he became sensible of confused noises in the air; incoherent sounds of lamentation and regret; wailings inexpressibly sorrowful and self-accusatory. The spectre, after listening for a moment, joined in the mournful dirge; and floated out upon the bleak, dark night.

Scrooge followed to the window: desperate in his curiosity. He looked out.

The air was filled with phantoms, wandering

hither and thither in restless haste, and moaning as they went. Every one of them wore chains like Marley's Ghost; some few (they might be guilty governments) were linked together; none were free. Many had been personally known to Scrooge in their lives. He had been quite familiar with one old ghost, in a white waistcoat, with a monstrous iron safe attached to its ankle, who cried piteously at being unable to assist a wretched woman with an infant, whom it saw below upon a door-step. The misery with them all was, clearly, that they sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had lost the power forever.

Whether these creatures faded into mist, or mist enshrouded them, he could not tell. But they and their spirit voices faded together; and the night became as it had been when he walked home.

Scrooge closed the window and examined the door by which the Ghost had entered. It was double-locked, as he had locked it with his own hands, and the bolts were undisturbed. He tried to say "Humbug!" but stopped at the first syllable. And being, from the emotion he had undergone, or the fatigues of the day, or his glimpse of the Invisible World, or the dull conversation of the Ghost, or the lateness of the hour, much in need of repose, went straight to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep upon the instant.

STAVE TWO.

THE FIRST OF THE THREE SPIRITS.

When Scrooge awoke it was so dark that, looking out of bed, he could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the opaque walls of his chamber. He was endeavoring to pierce the darkness with his ferret eyes, when the chimes of a neighboring church struck the four quarters. So he listened for the hour.

To his great astonishment the heavy bell went on from six to seven, and from seven to eight, and regularly up to twelve; then stopped. Twelve! It was past two when he went to bed. The clock was wrong. An icicle must have got into the works. Twelve!

He touched the spring of his repeater, to correct this most preposterous clock. Its rapid little pulse beat twelve; and stopped.

"Why, it isn't possible," said Scrooge, "that I can have slept through a whole day and far into another night. It isn't possible that anything has happened to the sun, and this is twelve at noon!"

The idea being an alarming one, he scrambled out of bed, and groped his way to the window. He was obliged to rub the frost off with the sleeve of his dressing-gown before he could see anything; and could see very little then. All he could make out was, that it was still very foggy and extremely cold, and that there was no noise of people running to and fro, and making a great stir, as there unquestionably would have been if night had beaten off bright day, and taken possession of the world. This was a great relief, because "three days after sight of this First of Exchange pay to Mr. Ebenezer Scrooge or his order," and so forth, would have become a mere United States' security if there were no days to count by.

Scrooge went to bed again and thought, and thought, and thought it over and over and over, and could make nothing of it. The more he thought, the more perplexed he was; and the more he endeavored not to think, the more he thought. Marley's Ghost bothered him exceedingly. Every time he resolved within himself, after mature inquiry, that it was all a dream, his mind flew back again, like a strong spring released, to its first position, and presented the same problem to be worked all through, "Was it a dream or not?"

Scrooge lay in this state until the chimes had gone three quarters more, when he remembered, on a sudden, that the Ghost had warned him of a visitation when the bell tolled one. He resolved to lie awake until the hour was passed; and, considering that he could no more go to sleep than go to Heaven, this was perhaps the wisest reslution in his power.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter past," said Scrooge, counting.

"Ding, dong!"

"Half past," said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter to it," said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"The hour itself," said Scrooge, triumphantly, "and nothing else!"

He spoke before the hour bell sounded, which it now did with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. Light flashed up in the room upon the instant, and the curtains of his bed were drawn.

The curtains of his bed were drawn aside, I tell you, by a hand. Not the curtains at his feet, nor the curtains at his back, but those to which his face was addressed. The curtains of his bed were drawn aside; and Scrooge, starting up into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to face with the unearthly visitor who drew them: as close to it as I am to you, and I am standing in the sprit at your elbow.

It was a strange figure—like a child: yet not so like a child as like an old man, viewed through some supernatural medium, which gave him the appearance of having receded from the view, and being diminished to a child's proportions. Its hair, which hung about its neck and down its back, was white as if with age;

and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the tenderest bloom was on the skin. The arms were very long and muscular; the hands the same, as if its hold were of uncommon strength. Its legs and feet, most delicately formed, were, like those upper members, bare. It wore a tunic of the purest white; and round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which was beautiful. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its hand; and, in singular contradiction of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. But the strangest thing about it was, that from the crown of its head there sprang a bright clear jet of light, by which all this was visible; and which was doubtless the occasion of its using, in its duller moments, a great extinguisher for a cap, which it now held under its arm.

Even this, though, when Scrooge looked at it with increasing steadiness, was *not* its strangest quality. For as its belt sparkled and glittered now in one part and now in another, and what was light one instant, at another time was dark, so the figure itself fluctuated in its distinctness: being now a thing with one arm, now with one leg, now with twenty legs, now a pair of legs without a head, now a head without a body: of which dissolving parts, no outline would be visble in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. And in the very wonder of this, it would be itself again; distinct and clear as ever.

"Are you the Spirit, Sir, whose coming was foretold to me?" asked Scrooge.

"I am!"

The voice was soft and gentle. Singularly low, as if instead of being so close beside him, it were at a distance.

"Who, and what are you?" Scrooge demanded.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."

"Long past?" inquired Scrooge: observant of its dwarfish stature.

"No. Your past."

Perhaps Scrooge could not have told anybody why, if anybody could have asked him; but he had a special desire to see the Spirit in his cap; and begged him to be covered.

"What!" exclaimed the Ghost, "would you so soon put out, with worldly hands, the light I give? Is it not enough that you are one of those whose passions made this cap, and force me through whole trains of years to wear it low upon my brow!"

Scrooge reverently disclaimed all intention to offend, or any knowledge of having wilfully "bonneted" the Spirit at any period of his life. He then made bold to inquire what business brought him there.

"Your welfare!" said the Ghost.

Scrooge expressed himself much obliged, but could not help thinking that a night of unbroken rest would have been more conducive to that end. The Spirit must have heard him thinking, for it said immediately:

"Your reclamation, then. Take heed!"

It put out its strong hand as it spoke, and clasped him gently by the arm.

"Rise! and walk with me!"

It would have been in vain for Scrooge to plead that the weather and the hour were not adapted to pedestrian purposes; that bed was warm, and the thermometer a long way below freezing; that he was clad but lightly in his slippers, dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that he had a cold upon him at that time. The grasp, though gentle as a woman's hand, was not to be resisted. He rose: but finding that the Spirit made towards the window, clasped its robe in supplication.

"I am a mortal," Scrooge remonstrated, "and liable to fall."

"Bear but a touch of my hand *there*," said the Spirit, laying it upon his heart, "and you shall be upheld in more than this!"

As the words were spoken they passed through the wall, and stood upon an open country road, with fields on either hand. The city had entirely vanished. Not a vestige of it was to be seen. The darkness and the mist had vanished with it, for it was a clear, cold, wintry day, with snow upon the ground.

"Good Heaven!" said Scrooge, clasping his hands together, as he looked about him. "I was bred in this place. I was a boy here!"

The Spirit gazed upon him mildly. Its gentle touch, though it had been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the old man's sense of feeling. He was conscious of a thousand odors floating in the air, each one connected with a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys, and cares, long, long forgotten.

"Your lip is trembling," said the Ghost. "And what is that upon your cheek?"

Srooge muttered, with an unusual catching in his voice, that it was a pimple; and begged the Ghost to lead him where he would.

"You recollect the way?" inquired the Spirit.

"Remember it!" cried Scrooge, with fervor—"I could walk it blindfolded."

"Strange to have forgotten it for so many years!" observed the Ghost. "Let us go on."

They walked along the road; Scrooge recognizing every gate, and post, and tree; until a little market town appeared in the distance, with its bridge, its church, and winding river. Some shaggy ponies now were seen trotting towards them with boys upon their backs, who called to other boys in country gigs and carts, driven by farmers. All these boys were in great spirits, and shouted to each other, until the broad fields were so full of merry music that the crisp air laughed to hear it.

"These are but shadows of the things that

have been," said the Ghost. "They have no consciousness of us."

The jocund travellers came on; and as they came, Scrooge knew and named them every one. Why was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see them! Why did his cold eyes glisten, and his heart leap up as they went past! Why was he filled with gladness when he heard them give each other Merry Christmas, as they parted at cross-roads and by-ways for their several homes? What was merry Christmas to Scrooge? Out upon merry Christmas! What good had it ever done him?

"The school is not quite deserted," said the Ghost. "A solitary child, neglected by his friends, is left there still."

Scrooge said he knew it. And he sobbed.

They left the high-road, by a well-remembered lane, and soon approached a mansion of dull red brick, with a little weather-cock surmounted cupalo on the roof and a bell hanging in it. It was a large house, but one of broken fortunes; for the spacious offices were little used, their walls were damp and mossy, their windows broken, and their gates decayed. Fowls clucked and strutted in the stables; and the coach-house and sheds were overrun with grass. Nor was it more retentive of its ancient state, within; for entering the dreary hall, and glaneing through the open doors of many rooms, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and vast. There was an earthy savour in the air, a chilly bareness in the place, which associated itself somehow with too much getting up by candle-light, and not too much to eat.

They went, the Ghost and Scrooge, across the hall to a door at the back of the house. It opened before them and disclosed a long, bare, melancholy room, made barer still by lines of plain deal forms and desks. At one of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire; and Scrooge sat down upon a form, and wept to see his poor forgotten self as he had used to be.

Not a latent echo in the house, not a squeak and scuffle from the mice behind the panelling, not a drip from the half-thawed water-spout in the dull yard behind, not a sigh among the leafless boughs of one despondent poplar, not the idle swinging of an empty storehouse door, no, not a clicking in the fire, but fell upon the heart of Scrogge with softening influence, and gave a freer passage to his tears.

The Spirit touched him on the arm, and pointed to his younger self, intent upon his reading. Suddenly a man, in foreign garments, wonderfully real and distinct to look at, stood outside the window, with an axe stuck in his belt and leading an ass laden with wood by the bridle.

"Why, it's Ali Baba!" Scrooge exclaimed in ecstasy. "It's dear old honest Ali Baba! Yes, yes, I know! One Christmas time, when yonder solitary child was left here all alone, he did come, for the first time, just like that. Poor boy! And Valentine," said Scrooge, "and his wild brother, Orson; there they go! And what's his name, who was put down in his drawers, asleep, at the Gate of Damascus; don't you see him? And the Sultan's Groom turned upside down by the Genii; there he is upon his head! Serve him right. I'm glad of it. What business had *he* to be married to the Princess!"

To hear Scrooge expending all the earnestness of his nature on such subjects, in a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying; and to see his neightened and excited face, would have been a surprise to his business friends in the city, indeed.

"There's the Parrot!" said Scrooge. "Green body and yellow tail, with a thing like a lettuce growing out of the top of his head; there he is! Poor Robin Crusoe, he called him, when he came home after sailing round the island. 'Poor Robin Crusoe, where have you been, Robin Crusoe?' The man thought he was dreaming, but he wasn't. It was the Parrot, you know. There goes Friday, running for his life to the little creek! Halloa! Hoop! Halloo!"

Then, with a rapidity of transition very foreign to his usual character, he said, in pity for his former self, "Poor boy!" and cried again.

"I wish," Scrooge muttered, putting his hand in his pocket and looking about him, after drying his eyes with his cuff: "but it's too late now."

"What is the matter," asked the Spirit.

"Nothing," said Scrooge. "Nothing. There was a boy singing a Christmas carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something: that's all."

The Ghost smiled thoughtfully, and waved its hand: saying as it did so, "Let us see another Christmas!"

Scrooge's former self grew larger at the words, and the room became a little darker and more dirty. The panels shrank, the windows cracked; fragments of plaster fell out of the ceiling, and the naked laths were shown instead; but how all this was brought about, Scrooge knew no more than you do. He only knew that it was quite correct; that everything had happened so; that there he was, alone again, when all the other boys had gone home for the jolly holidays.

He was not reading now, but walking up and down despairingly. Scrooge looked at the Ghost, and with a mournful shaking of his head, glanced anxiously towards the door.

It opened; and a little girl, much younger than the boy, came darting in, and putting her

arms about his neck, and often kissing him, addressed him as her "Dear, dear brother."

"I have come to bring you home, dear brother!" said the child, clapping her tiny hands, and bending down to laugh. "To bring you home, home, home!"

"Home, little Fan?" returned the boy.

"Yes!" said the child, brimful of glee. "Home, for good and all. Home, for ever and ever. Father is so much kinder than he used to be, that home's like Heaven! He spoke so gently to me one dear night when I was going to bed, that I was not afraid to ask him once more if you might come home; and he said Yes, you should; and sent me in a coach to bring you. And you're to be a man!" said the child, opening her eyes, "and are never to come back here; but first, we're to be together all the Christmas long, and have the merriest time in all the world."

"You are quite a woman, little Fan!" exclaimed the boy.

She clapped her hands and laughed, and tried to touch his head; but being too little, laughed again, and stood on tiptoe to embrace him. Then she began to drag him, in her childish eagerness, towards the door; and he, nothing loath to go, accompanied her.

A terrible voice in the hall cried, "Bring down Master Scrooge's box, there!" and in the hall appeared the schoolmaster himself, who glared at Master Scrooge with a ferocious condescension, and threw him into a dreadful state of mind by shaking hands with him. He then conveyed him and his sister into the veriest old well of a shivering best parlor that ever was seen, where the maps on the wall, and the celestial and terrestrial globes in the windows were waxy with cold. Here he produced a decanter of curiously light wine, and a block of curiously heavy cake, and administered instalments of those dainties to the young people: at the same time, sending out a meagre servant to offer a glass of "something" to the postboy, who answered that he thanked the gentleman, but if it was the same tap as he had tasted before, he had rather not. Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time tied on to the top of the chaise, the children bade the schoolmaster good-by right willingly; and getting into it, drove gayly down the garden-sweep: the quick wheels dashing the hoar-frost and snow from off the dark leaves of the evergreen like spray.

"Always a delicate creature, whom a breath might have withered," said the Ghost. "But she had a large heart!"

"So she had," cried Scrooge. "You're right. I'll not gainsay it, Spirit. God forbid!"

"She died a woman," said the Ghost, "and had, as I think, children."

"One child," Scrooge returned.

"True," said the Ghost. "Your nephew."

Scrooge seemed uneasy in his mind; and answered briefly, "Yes."

Although they had but that moment left the school behind them, they were now in the busy thoroughfares of a city, where shadowy passengers passed and repassed; where shadowy carts and coaches battled for the way, and all the strife and tumult of a real city were. It was made plain enough, by the dressing of the shops, that here too it was Christmas time again; but it was evening, and the streets were lighted up.

The Ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he knew it.

"Know it!" said Scrooge. "Was I apprenticed here?"

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh wig, sitting behind such a high desk that if he had been two inches taller he must have knocked his head against the ceiling, Scrooge cried in great excitement:

"Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart; it's Fezziwig alive again!"

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands; adjusted his capacious waistcoat; laughed all over himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence; and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice:

"Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow-'prentice.

"Dick Wilkins, to be sure!" said Scrooge to the Ghost. "Bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear!"

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work tonight. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas Ebenezer! Le's have the shutters up" cried old Fezziwig, with a shaarp clap of his hands, "before a man can say Jack Robinson."

You wouldn't believe how those two fellows went at it! They charged into the street with the shutters—one, two, three—had 'em up in their places—four, five, six—barred 'em and pinned 'em—seven, eight, nine—and came back before you could have got to twelve, panting like race-horses.

"Hilli-ho!" cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from the high desk, with wonderful agility. "Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life for

evermore; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and dry, and bright a ball-room as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went upto the lofty desk and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Misses Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master; trying to hide himself behind the girl from the next door but one, who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her mistress. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couples at once, hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them. When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter, especially provided for that purpose. But scorning rest upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were no dancers yet, as if the other fiddler had been carried home, exhausted, on a shutter; and he were a bran-new man resolved to beat him out of sight or perish.

There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was negus, and there was a great piece of cold roast, and there was a great piece of cold boiled, and there were mince pies, and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the roast and boiled, when the fiddler (an artful dog, mind! The sort of man who knew his business better than you or I could have told it him!) struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.

But if they had been twice as many: ah, four times: old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll use it. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance like moons. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would become of 'em next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance; advance and retire, hold hands with your partner; bow and courtesy; corkscrew; thread-the-needle, and back again to your place; Fezziwig "cut"—cut so deftly, that he appeared to wink with his legs, and came upon his feet again without a stagger.

When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a "Merry Christmas." When every body had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds; which were under a counter in the back-shop.

During the whole of the time, Scrooge had acted like a man out of his wits. His heart and soul were in the scene, and with his former self. He corroborated everything, remembered everything, enjoyed everything, and underwent the strangest agitation. It was not until now, when the bright faces of his former self and Dick were turned from them, that he remembered the Ghost, and became conscious that it was looking full upon him, while the light upon its heard burnt very clear.

"A small matter," said the Ghost, "to make these silly folks so full of gratitude."

"Small!" echoed Scrooge.

The Spirit signed to him to listen to the two apprentices, who were pouring out their hearts in praise of Fezziwig: and when he had done so, said:

"Why! Is it not? He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money: three or four, perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?"

"It isn't that," said Scrooge, heated by the remark, and speaking unconsciously like his former, not his latter, self. "It isn't that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count 'em up: what then? The happiness he gives, is quite as great as if it cost a fortune."

He felt the Spirit's glance, and stopped.

"What is the matter?" asked the Ghost.

"Nothing particular," said Scrooge.

"Something, I think?" the Ghost insisted.

"No," said Scrooge, "No. I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now! That's all."

His former self turned down the lamps as he gave utterance to the wish; and Scrooge and the Ghost again stood side by side in the open air.

"My time grows short," observed the Spirit. "Quick!"

This was not addressed to Scrooge, or to any one whom he could see, but it produced an immediate effect. For again Scrooge saw himself. He was older now; a man in the prime of life. His face had not the hard and rigid lines of later years; but it had begun to wear the signs of care and avarice. There was an eager, greedy, restless motion in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root, and where the shadow of the growing tree would fall.

He was not alone, but sat by the side of a fair young girl in a mourning dress: in whose eyes there were tears, which sparkled in the light that shone out of the Ghost of Christmas Past.

"It matters litttle," she said, softly. "To you, very little. Another idol has displaced me; and if it can cheer and comfort you in time to come, as I would have tried to do, I have no just cause to grieve."

"What idol has displaced you?" he rejoined.

"A golden one."

"This is the even-handed dealing of the world" he said. "There is nothing on which it is so hard as poverty; and there is nothing it professes to condemn with such severity as the pursuit of wealth!"

"You fear the world too much," she answered gently. "All your other hopes have merged into the hope of being beyond the chance of its sordid reproach. I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the master-passion, Gain, engrosses you. Have I not!"

"What then?" he retorted. "Even if I have grown so much wiser, what then? I am not changed towards you."

She shook her head.

"Am I?"

"Our contract is an old one. It was made when we were both poor and content to be so, until, in good season, we could improve our worldly fortune by our patient industry. You *are* changed. When it was made, you were another man."

"I was a boy," he said, impatiently.

"Your own feeling tells you that you were not what you are," she returned. "I am. That which promised happiness when we were one in heart, is fraught with misery now that we are two. How often and how keenly I have thought of this, I will not say. It is enough that I *have* thought of it, and can release you."

"Have I your sought release?"

"In v[illegible] No. Never."

"In what, then?"

"In a changed nature; in an altered spirit; in another atmosphere of life; another Hope as its great end. In every thing that made my love of any worth in your sight. If this had never been between us," said the girl, looking mildly, but with steadiness, upon him; "tell me, would you seek me out and try to win me now? Ah, no!"

He seemed to yield to the justice of this supposition, in spite of himself. But he said with a struggle, "You think not."

"I would gladly think otherwise if I could," she answered, "Heaven knows! When *I* have learned a Truth like this, I know how strong and irresistible it must be. But if you were free today, tomorrow, yesterday, can even I believe that you would choose a dowerless girl—you who, in your very confidence with her. weigh everything by Gain; or, choosing her, if for a moment you were false enough to your own guiding principle to do so, do I not know that your repentance and regret would surely follow? I do; and I release you. With a full heart, for the love of him you once were."

He was about to speak; but with her head turned from him, she resumed.

"You may—the memory of what is past half makes me hope you will—have pain in this. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, gladly, as an unprofitable dream, from which it happened well that you awoke. May you be happy in the life you have chosen!"

She left him, and they parted.

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, "show me no more! Conduct me home. Why do you delight to torture me?"

"One shadow more!" exclaimed the Ghost.

"No more!" cried Scrooge. "No more. I don't wish to see it. Show me no more!"

But the relentless Ghost pinioned him in both arms, and forced him to observe what happened next.

They were in another scene and place; a room, not very large or handsome, but full of comfort. Near to the winter fire sat a beautiful young girl, so like the last that Scrooge believed it was the same, until he saw *her*, now a comely matron, sitting opposite her daughter. The noise in this room was perfectly tumultuous, for there were more children there, than Scrooge in his agitated state of mind could count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the poem, they were not forty children conducting themselves like one, but every child was conducting itself like forty. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief; but

no one seemed to care; on the contrary, the mother and daughter laughed heartily and enjoyed it very much; and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the sports, got pillaged by the young brigands most ruthlessly. What would I not have given to be one of them! Though I never could have been so rude, no, no! I wouldn't for the wealth of all the world have crushed that braided hair and torn it down; and for the precious little shoe, I wouldn't have plucked it off, God bless my soul! to save my life. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they did, bold young brood, I couldn't have done it; I should have expected my arm to have grown round it for a punishment and never come straight again. And yet I should have dearly liked, I own, to have touched her lips; to have questioned her, that she might have opened them; to have looked upon the lashes of her downcast eyes, and never raised a blush; to have let loose waves of hair, an inch of which would be a keepsake beyond price: in short, I should have liked, I do confess, to have had the lightest license of a child, and yet been man enough to know its value.

But now a knocking at the door was heard, and such a rush immediately ensued that she with laughing face and plundered dress was borne towards it the centre of a flushed and boisterous group, just in time to greet the father, who came home attended by a man laden with Christmas toys and presents. Then the shouting and the struggling, and the onslaught that was made on the defenceless porter! The scaling him with chairs for ladders to dive into his pockets, despoil him of brown paper parcels, hold on tight by his cravat, hug him round the neck, pommel his pack and kick his legs in irrepressible affection! The shouts of wonder and delight with which the development of every package was received! The terrible announcement that the baby had been taken in the act of putting a doll's frying-pan into his mouth, and was more than suspected of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a wooden platter! The immense relief of finding this a false alarm! The joy, and gratitude, and ecstasy! They are all indescribable alike. It is enough that by degrees the children and their emotions got out of the parlor and by one stair at a time, up to the top of the house; where they went to bed, and so subsided.

And now Scrooge looked on more attentively than ever, when the master of the house, having his daughter leaning fondly on him, sat down with her and her mother at his own fireside; and when he thought that such another creature, quite as graceful and as full of promise, might have called him father, and been a spring time in the haggard winter of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed.

"Belle," said the husband, turning to his wife with a smile, "I saw an old friend of yours this afternoon."

"Who was it?"

"Guess!"

"How can I Tut, don't I know?" she added in the same breath, laughing as he laughed. "Mr. Scrooge."

"Mr. Scrooge it was. I passed his office window; and as it was not shut up, and he had a candle inside, I could scarcely help seeing him. His partner lies upon the point of death, I hear; and there he sat alone. Quite alone in the world, I do believe."

"Spirit!" said Scrooge in a broken voice, "remove me from this place."

"I told you these were shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "That they are what they are, do not blame me!"

"Remove me!" Scrooge exclaimed, "I cannot bear it!"

He turned upon the Ghost, and seeing that it looked upon him with a face in which some some strange way there were fragments of all the faces it had shown him, wrestled with it.

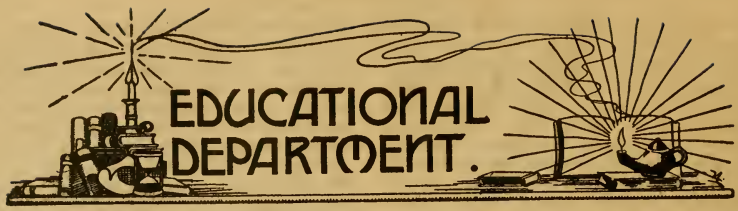
"Leave me! Take me back. Haunt me no longer!"

In the struggle, if that can be called a struggle in which the Ghost with no visible resistance on its own part was undisturbed by any effort of its adversary, Scrooge observed that its light was burning high and bright; and dimly connecting that with its influence over him, he seized the extinguisher-cap, and by a sudden action pressed it down upon his head.

The Spirit dropped beneath it, so that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge pressed it down with all his force, he could not hide the light, which streamed from under it, in an unbroken flood upon the ground.

He was conscious of being exhausted, and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being in his own bed room. He gave the cap a parting squeeze, in which his hand relaxed; and had barely time to reel to bed, before he sank into a heavy slumber.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



HOW COTTON FARMERS MAY BE BENEFITTED.

My Dear Friend: I have been thinking over what seems to me very important and will explain the best I can, and want you to give your opinion. This is the question: I am in favor of the cotton growers of the South putting a price on their cotton that is fair to all concerned, and then not selling until we get it. I don't see how we will ever control anything until we adopt some fixed policy of this kind. I am writing you about this matter because I have more confidence in your ability and honor than of any man now living. Please give me a full explanation as to what you think about this question. Yours truly,

Meigs, Ga. W. P. White.

ANSWER.

There is no practical method of putting a price on cotton by agreement among the farmers themselves.

If the custom house duties on cotton goods were reduced to one-half of what they now are, you would see the price of raw cotton go up in proportion. The thing would work automatically in this way:

The foreign spinners, having much lower duties to pay when entering our markets could afford to sell their goods that much cheaper. In consequence of this, the American Dry Goods Trust would have to lower its price to meet this foreign competition. Therefore, all cotton goods would be cheaper, and a larger quantity of them would be sold. This would create a greater demand for raw cotton, and this demand would logically and permanently put the prices up.

It is a mystery to me that those organizations and newspapers which represent the farmers never make the fight on this line.

T. E. W.

HOW ALIENS MAY BENEFIT FROM OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Hon. T. E. Watson: I want to ask you a question in regard to the non-tax-paying foreigner. Is it right that they should receive a high school education at the expense of the taxpayer? Is it law, and if so, is it a just law? The case I mention is in my home town, Wheatland, where we give the first year in high school. The remaining three years are sent to South Sharon High School. This year there is a foreigner's boy included in the class, as has been the case before. If not too much bother, please answer through the Educational Department of your monthly magazine.

T. A. McJunkin.

ANSWER.

An alien has no right to a free education in one of our Public Schools. Where, however, the father of the child has filed his declaration of intent to naturalize himself and become a citizen of this country, it would seem that the reason and spirit of the Public School laws would not be violated by giving his children the benefit of our educational system.

T. E. W.

HOW THE PANIC OF 1907 WAS BROUGHT ABOUT.

My Dear Mr. Watson: (1) Would you be so kind as to give me the direct cause of the panic of 1907? One will attribute the cause to one thing and then another to something else. For my own and others' saisfaction gives rise to this letter. Thanking you in advance for a prompt reply and wishing you success in your many undertakings, I am,

Your hearty endorser,
J. R. Cherry.

P. S.—(2) Pease give author of the Clearing House Certificate that was used during panic of 1907. J. R. C.

Adrian Ga.

ANSWER.

It was precipitated deliberately by J. P. Morgan and other Wall Street Money Kings so that they could depress values and scoop such properties as the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company. This corporation was the only real competitor of the Steel Trust, and the Morgan crowd were determined to have it. Unfortunately it was in debt, having borrowed large sums in Wall street. The Morgan banks, acting together, put the screws on, and this great Southern rival of the Pennsylvania Steel Trust found itself practically boycotted. It was forced to sell at about $30,000,000, its entire property, estimated to be worth $600,000,000. President Roosevelt was a party to this great crime—both he and the Attorney General, Bonaparte, having tacitly authorized the violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law before the criminal deal went into effect.

(2.) The Clearing House Association of New York. T. E. W.

THE REAL VALUE OF EMERGENCY MONEY.

DEAR MR. WATSON: I would like to know, through the columns of the magazine, your opinion as to the value of this emergency money that they are putting out now. Is it as good as Treasury notes? I see there are some papers that say that it is no good. They call the issuance of it the greatest steal that has ever been perpetrated on the country. Can you be compelled to accept it? Thanking you in advance, I am, Very sincerely yours,

Ocala, Fla. DAVID GAMBLE.

ANSWER.

It is not as good as Treasury Notes, and you cannot be compelled to accept it. Based, as it is, upon commercial paper, it cannot be any better than the commercial paper. Currency based upon such an uncertain foundation is the wildest kind of wild-cat currency. It is simply another form of soap-wrapper money.

T. E. W.

WATSON SECURED FREE RURAL MAIL DELIVERY.

DEAR MR. WATSON: A Democratic politician, while discussing Rural Free Delivery yesterday, credited this great work to the Democratic party, giving Congressman Clark part of the honor and stating that it was one of your measures before you were a Populist. He gave all the honor to the Democratic party. I am under the impression that you never were elected to Congress by the Democratic party, and that the R. F. D. is a Populist measure. I would like to have a statement from you one more time, on account of others who may be misled by false statements. H. H. USRY.

ANSWER.

At the time that I succeeded in passing the first resolution appropriating money for the R. F. D., as we now have it, I had not only been read out of the Democratic Party, but had been defrauded out of my seat in Congress by the Democratic ringsters of the city of Augusta. By having the same voters repeat from ten to twenty times, and thus stuffing the ballot boxes with illegal votes, I had been defeated at the November elections of 1892. It was not until the 17th day of February, 1893, that I, after repeated efforts, secured the first appropriation for the free delivery of mail to people living outside of incorporated cities, towns, and villages. Any one who will take the trouble to request his Congressman to consult the Congressional Record of the above-named date can easily secure a verification of this statement.

Mr. Clark was not a member of Congress at that time, nor was Marion Butler, who also claims to be the Father of the R. F. D.

No party lines were drawn on this measure, and no partisan speeches made. Every Populist member of the House voted for it, but the Democrats and Republicans divided on it, some being for and some against. T. E. W.

THE RESTRICTION OF AN EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

HON. T. E. WATSON: Having for some years been a reader of your periodicals and having found both pleasure and profit therefrom, I take the liberty of seeking further enlightenment on the *paragraph marked* and herewith enclosed. Is this true Democracy, or is it just a lame step toward despotism? Has any Executive Committee the right to prescribe the right of any legal voter, as to *whom* or *how many* of a ticket he shall vote for, be it mayor or alderman?

I want also to know your views as to the obligation of the state or nation to prescribe such regulations as will fully protect depositors in the banks chartered thereby. Is it good statesmanship not to provide security to the people for the millions of their money deposited in these institutions, without security or interest, in institutions chartered by them? If you see fit to discuss these points in your JEFFERSONIAN you will find many interested readers. Thanking you, I am,

Forsyth, Ga. WILLIAM W. ANDERSON.

It was further ordered that no vote be counted unless it contains the name of one candidate for Mayor and three candidates for Alderman.

ANSWER.

(1.) No Executive Committee has any right to put restrictions upon the voter. The primary is not a party measure, but a general election, based on the state law. It is a simple usurpation of authority on the part of a state or any other executive committee to say how many candidates shall be voted on or who they shall be.

(2.) I am not in favor of a guaranteed bank deposit. Any law framed for such a purpose must necessarily be founded on a vicious principle, in that the prudent, honest banker would have to be responsible for the derelictions of the dishonest and imprudent banker.

Security for depositors will be secured by the new Postal Savings Banks. A rigid system of examination of state and national banks tends to the same end. Before depositing money in any bank people ought to investigate its methods and resources. They should exercise the same care in choosing a bank as they would in any other investment. T. E. W.

"WATERLOO." By THOMAS E. WATSON. The Neale Publishing Co. Price $1.00.

(From *The Herald.* Lexington, Ky.)

The most fateful battle of history is shown to us in a glowing series of mental pictures in this volume—Waterloo. With breathless interest we go over every detail of those June days. We see the Emperor leading the hearts and the armies of France for the last time, and we ask as we read the glowing words, Why was it? How could it have been? just as the broken-hearted Corsican must have gone over hour by hour during those dreary years at St. Helena. The only answer is: It was written; mistakes arose because their eyes were holden; there can be no other answer.

If such a thing can be, Napoleon loved France too well; it was this that kept him from grasp-isg that which was held out to him. As the years go by it is the figure of the man who learned on the field of Waterloo the full bitterness of defeat which looms great and undying, a glorious blood-red star on history's page, the magic of whose name stirs men to their hearts' depth today. The sight of his eagles awakens a thrill in the hearts left cold by the emblems of many and great nations. The spirit of his glory lives, illumining the earth today, stirring hearts the world over to honor the France he loved.

But who feels a thrill over Wellington? Men may respect, but never, then or now, feel any enthusiasm. It is different with the doughty Blucher—friend and foe alike feel the strength of his integrity and power of his unhesitating courage. Wellington received the honor which Blucher achieved—Blucher, his legions and England's fighting men. So Mr. Watson says, and so he proves by Wellington's own written words. But it can't help the Emperor now, so why not let even his enemies sleep?

It is a stirring history that can rouse the dead from their graves, awakening partisan feeling again when the earth has rolled her merry rounds for almost a hundred years. But Napoleon's greatness is for time and eternity; men were giants for a hundred days.

The tribute paid to the mother of Napoleon is beautiful. The mothers of the great have need of martys' souls and heroes' spirits; very many of them have had both.

Mr. Watson's enthusiasm carries his readers from the scenes of revelry which Thackery has made a living memory to the storm-swept field of Waterloo. But why regret and conjecture with ifs and whys? Nothing happens by chance, for the God of Battles neither slumbers nor sleeps.

THE ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE. By the Earl of Chesterfield, supposedly. Revised and published by the Rev. Clifford Anderson Owens, of Deland, Fla.

Beautifully bound in russet leather and typographically perfect in every respect, the outward appearance of this volume is as pleasing to the eye of the book-lover as its contents are to his mind. In his Foreword, Mr. Owens says:

"This is a wonderful book. And it is a wonder that so little is known of it. The copy from which this edition is printed was published in England in 1765, and was brought to this country about forty years ago by Mr. J. W. Wallen, of Penfield, Georgia. the first title page is missing, but the one to Part Second reads as follows: "THE OECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE. *Part II. Translated from an Indian manuscript, found soon after that which contained the original of the first part, and written by the same hand. In a second letter from an English gentleman residing at China, to the Earl of * * * Coventry: Printed by J. Jones, MDCCLXV.*"

The book contains an introductory letter, in which certain statements concerning its authorship are made. This letter I have published as an Appendix.

Mr. A. W. K. Miller, of the British Museum, in a letter, dated February 28, 1910, writes as follows: "The earliest edition of the 'Oeconomy of Human Life' in the British Museum is dated 1751. The book was long attributed to Robert Dodsley, the publisher, but it is now generally considered to have been mainly the work of the Earl of Chesterfield. 'The English Gentleman in China' and the 'Earl of————,' to whom the book is supposed to be addressed are no doubt purely imaginary."

There was also an edition of the work published in New York in 1794.

As you would suppose from the title, the subject matter is the philosophy of life, the duties that we owe to one another and to society, the obligations that rest upon us to live right and to devote ourselves to good works, the advantages to be derived from curbing evil

passions and avoiding the various vices of which poor human nature is so often the victim—in short, to so live as to be ready to die when the time comes.

Bryant, in his Thanatopsis, struck the same spiritual note that was played upon by this English author so many generations before.

THE TRIUNE GOD. By Elder William H. Crouse. Whittet & Shepperson, Richmond, Va.

In this work the position and belief of the Primitive Baptists are stated with great clearness and strength. Perhaps doctrinal sermons and treatises have less interest to the average citizen than formerly; but nevertheless the man who knows his own mind, and can give reason for the faith that is in him will always command respect and attention.

Earnestness, whether in speech or in writing, magnetizes the hearer and the reader; and no one could read Elder Crouse's book without being impressed with the fact that he is a profoundly earnest man.

On page 17, he quotes a French story which I have never seen before, and which our readers may appreciate:

"A French writer tells the following story:

"A young man from the Provinces, who was sent to Paris to finish his education, had the misfortune of getting into bad company. He went so far as to wish, and finally to say, 'There is no God: God is only a word.' After staying several years at the capital, the young man returned to his family. One day he was invited to a respectable house where there was a numerous company. While all were entertaining themselves with news, pleasure, and business, two girls, aged respectively twelve and thirteen, were seated in a bay window, reading together. The young man approached them and asked:

"'What beautiful romance are you reading so attentively, young ladies?'

"'We are reading no romance, sir; we are reading the history of God's chosen people.'

"'You believe, then, that there is a God?'

"Astonished at such a question, the girls looked at each other, the blood mounting to their cheeks.

"'And you, sir, do not believe it?'

"'Once I believed it; but after living in Paris, and studying philosophy, mathematics, and politics, I am convinced that God is an empty word.'

"'I, sir, never was in Paris; I have never studied philosophy, nor mathematics, nor any of those beautiful things which you know; I only know my Bible; but since you are so learned, and say there is no God, you can easily tell me whence the egg comes?'

"'A funny question, truly. The egg comes from the hen.'

"'Which of them existed first, the egg or the hen?'

"'I really do not know what you intend with this question and your hen; but yet that which existed first was the hen.'

"'There is a hen, then, which did not come from the egg?'

"'Beg your pardon. Miss, I did not take notice that the egg existed first.'

"'There is, then, an egg that did not come from a hen?'

"'Oh, if you—beg pardon—that is—you see—'

"'I see, sir, that you do not know whether the egg existed before the hen or the hen before the egg.'

"'Well, then, I say the hen.'

"'Very well, there is a hen which did not come from an egg. Tell me, now, who made this first hen, from which all other hens and eggs come?'

"'With your hens and your eggs, it seems to me you take me for a poultry dealer.'

"'By no means, sir; I only ask you to tell me whence the mother of all hens and eggs came?'

"'But for what object?'

"'Well, since you do not know, you will permit me to tell you. He who created the first hen, or as you would have it, the first egg, is the same Who created the world; and this being we call God. You who cannot explain the existence of a hen, or an egg without God, still maintain the existence of this world without God.'

"The young philosopher was silent; he quietly took his hat and departed, if not convinced by his folly, at least confounded by the simple questioning of a child. How many there are who, like him, professing to be wise, seem very foolish, speaking evil of things they know not of, and denying things they have never investigated."

THE LAND OF LIVING MEN. By Ralph Waldo Trine. Thos. Y. Crowell & Co., N. Y.

After reviewing the conditions, good and bad, which exist in this country, dealing with the facts which have attracted so much attention of late years, the author reaches the conclusion that a great "People's Movement" is necessary to the welfare of the people, and to the safety of all their institutions. Just as I have been doing for so long a time, he calls upon the people to take a greater interest in their public affairs.

His remedies consist chiefly of the Initiative, the Referendum, and the Recall. As this is sound Populist doctrine, I give it my hearty indorsement.

The Land of Living Men is one of those books which appeal to your highest ideals and cannot fail to be of benefit to all who read it.

A NEST OF VIPERS. Morgan D. Jones. Broadway Pub. Co. New York City.

The author was one of the poor boys who had to fight their way up from the bottom after the Civil War. At the age of nine he lost his father, whose family was left in a state of extreme destitution. Morgan, being the oldest child, had to work for the support of his mother and two younger brothers. He went to

school less than ten months in all; yet so ardent was his thirst for knowledge, and so great his determination to educate himself that he borrowed books, studied at home diligently and systematically, and at the age of twenty became a teacher in the public schools. That is certainly a most remarkable record, reflecting the highest credit upon Mr. Jones, and it should be a source of inspiration and encouragement to every poor boy who wants to make his way in the world.

Later on, Mr. Jones took up the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1895. He has been Superintendent of Education for his county, and its Representative in the State Legislature. He introduced and secured the passage of a number of important bills, one of which was declared by the United States Commissioner of Education to be the most important piece of school legislation that had been passed for a decade.

"A Nest of Vipers" is not a great work of art but it is an intensely interesting human document. The story is well told, catching the reader's attention with the first page and holding it to the last. The hero is a boy who has a brutal stepfather and a mother who is indifferent to him. After a particularly barbarous beating, given him by this drunken stepfather, the lad runs away from home. His adventures and his final brilliant success in life form the main thread of the narrative.

The heroine is an orphan girl who at the age of nine is without a home, and who goes to live with her uncle. The wife of this uncle is a very bad woman, coarse, ignorant and vicious, who bosses her husband, and who imposes upon the refined and beautiful little orphan.

Around these two central figures, the boy who runs away from home and the girl who is mistreatel by her aunt, swirl the black passions of the human vipers, to whom they are objects of deadly hatred. There is a murder, which is laid at the door of the hero, with circumstantial evidence tending strongly against him: there is a frame-up larceny case against the girl, anl the stolen jewels are found at the bottom of her trunk; but faithful friends appear in the hour of need, the innocent are vindicated and the guilty brought to punishment.

Fate had carried the hero and the heroine far apart and they had lost sight of each other; but at length, after all the storms are over, chance brings them together again and they are reunited for the life-walk down the long path.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT. T. J. Brooks. Broadway Publishing Co., New York.

The general scope of this exceedingly interesting work may be inferred from its opening paragraph:

"Since the morning of the world *Intellect* has led mundane creation. Thought alone can supersede the reign of physical law. By the force of truth, forged at the furnace of Intellect, man is freed from the chains of error."

The last chapter of the book is perhaps the best. It is called "Footprints of Love," and shows clearly the part great love has played in the tragedies and the history of the world. A paragraph or two will show the trend of the sentiment of this part of the book: "Sometimes disappointed love, be the disappoinment from whatever cause it may—from slight, death, insurmountable obstacles or whatnot—is transmuted into a new purpose, a nobler ambition, a broader hope or a love for liberty and humanity, giving will to dare and strength to do." Several instances of loves more or less tragic, are cited by the author to prove there are many cases where the best work of men has been done while they were suffering from the tragedy of lost or unrequited love. The little volume is attractively bound, and will prove a valued addition to the collection of the thinking reader.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT

Address JEFFERSONIAN PATTERN DEPARTMENT, Thomson, Ga.

A USEFUL, COMFORTABLE AND SIMPLE WORK APRON.

8376—Ladies' Apron, With or Without Sleeve, and in Round or Square Neck Outline.

Gingham, jean, alpaca or linen may be used for this model. It is cut on simple lines, in loose sack shape. It may be made without sleeves and collar, as illustrated. The pattern is cut in three sizes: Small, medium, large. It requires seven yards of 27-inch material for the 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

8606 — LADIES' DRESSING SACQUE—A PRACTICAL AND DESIRABLE MODEL.

A few comfortable dressing sacques are absolutely necessary to a woman's comfort. An exceedingly effective development was made from the design here shown in blue French flannel with white stitching for a finish. The

model is usually appropriate for lawn, dimity, flannelette or silk. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires four yards of 27-inch material for the 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

8570-8572—A MODISH GOWN.

The charming costume here illustrated lends itself to a wide range of materials, such as mohair, poplin, henrietta cloth, pongee and satin. The present development is chiffon broadcloth, trimmed with bands of satin covered buttons. The low, round neck is finished by a Dutch collar, laced together in front by a gold cord with tassels or ornaments. The yoke and standing collar is of tucked net. The skirt is one of the new plaited models in Princess panel effect in front. The upper part fits closely to the figure, in prevailing style. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 22 to 32 inches, waist measure. Size 26 requires 4½ yards of 44-inch material. The waist runs from 32 to 42 inches, bust measure, and requires 2½ yards of 44-inch material.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns, a waist and a skirt, and will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents each, in silver or stamps.

8775—A CHARMING FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL—GIRL'S DRESS.

Blue and white plaid gingham, with blue for yoke, cuffs and belt was used for this design, which is equally appropriate for linen, chambrey, galatea cashmere or poplin. The yoke portions may be omitted, likewise the box plaits over the waist front. The dress may be finished with Dutch or high neck. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material for the eight-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

8326—SOLID COMFORT AMIDST HOUSEHOLD OR HOME DUTIES.

The attractive and becoming house dress here shown covers a long felt want, since it embodies convenience and comfort, and is easily adjusted. The waist and skirt are joined to the belt and close at the side. The sleeve may be finished in elbow length or in full length and closed at the inner seam with buttons and buttonholes. The usual cotton goods, such as ginham, percale, India linen and chambrey may be used for this model. The fullness of the waist is gathered into the belt, the yoke on the back may be omitted; the skirt has nine gores and may be finished with inverted plait or gathered fullness at the centre back. The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches, bust measure. It requires 9⅝ yards of 24-inch material for the 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents, in silver or stamps.

8791-8668—LADIES' COAT SUIT.

Composed of Ladies' Semi-Fitting Coat Pattern, 8791, and Ladies' Skirt With Yoke, 8668.

The skirt is extremely stylish, with the yoke shaped in points over a four-gore lower portion that has plaits at each seam. It is cut in five sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches, waist measure. The coat may be cut in either of two lengths and finished with a shawl or notched collar; may also have straight or cutaway closing. The coat is cut in six sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches, bust measure. The patterns require. for the entire suit, 10 yards of 36-inch material for the 36-inch size.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

PRACTICAL MODEL FOR HOME SEWING.

8790—Girl's Dress, With or Without Box Plait Over Centre Front.

This model portrays a simple dress, suitable for percale, gingham, chambrey, galatea, linen, lawn or cashmere. The sleeve has a box plait over the top of the arm, and a straight band cuff. The waist is finished with a deep Gibson plait at each shoulder. The front box plait may be omitted. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material for the eight-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

8772—LADIES' TUCKED SHIRT WAIST.

A simple tucked shirt waist is always well liked. The one here illustrated is made with two tucks over the shoulders. The model is easily made and always smart for wear with a coat suit or separate skirt. It requires no trimming, but may be made in a combination of materials. Chiffon cloth, voile, cashmere, soft silk or light weight satin may be used for its development. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches, bust measure. It requires 3¾ yards of 27-inch material for the 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

8398—GIRL'S DRESS.

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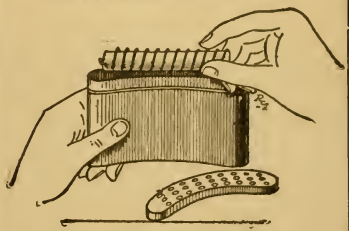

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